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SHENSTONE.

WORK

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

LONDON

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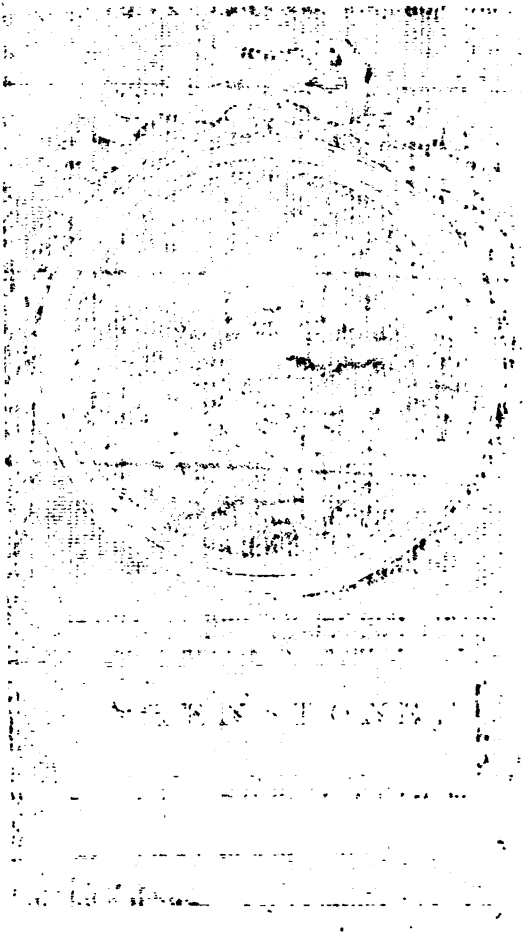

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THE

POEMS

OF

SHENSTONE.

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON

MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

" Tantùm inter denſas, umbroſa cacumina, fagos
" Aſſiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, ſolus,
" Montibus et ſylvis ſtudio jactabat inani!"

VIRG.

28 X 426.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

IT is obſervable, that diſcourſes *prefixed* to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate ſuch tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greateſt advantage. The fabric is very commonly raiſed in the *firſt place*, and the meaſures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjuſted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the ſtructure of *elegiac* poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own *opinions* with that *denomination*. He would only intimate the great variety of *ſubjects*, and the different *ſtyles* in which the writers of elegy *have* hitherto indulged themſelves, and endeavour to ſhield the following ones by the latitude of *their* example.

If we conſider the etymology * of the *word*, the epithet which † Horace gives it, or the confeſſion

 which

* ε-λεγειν, a particulam dolendi.

† "Miſerabiles elegos." HOR.

which * Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may *conclude* thus much however; that *elegy*, in its true and genuine acceptation, *includes* a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon *this* as its peculiar characteriſtic, and ſo long as *this* is thoroughly ſuſtained, admits of a variety of ſubjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy *ſtole* over pretty different objects; which, like the dreſſes at a funeral proceſſion, gives them all a kind of ſolemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that elegies were written at *firſt* upon the death of *intimate friends* and *near relations*; *celebrated beauties*, or *favourite miſtreſſes*; *beneficent governors* and *illuſtrious men*: one may add perhaps, of all thoſe, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elyſium. (See Hurd's Diſſertation on Horace's Epiſtle.)

"Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo."

After theſe ſubjects were ſufficiently exhauſted, and the ſeverity of fate diſplayed in the moſt affecting inſtances, the poets ſought occaſion to vary their complaints; and the next tender ſpecies of ſorrow that preſented itſelf, was the grief of *abſent* or *neglected* lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with *this* they were not contented. They had obtained a ſmall corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory.

* "Heu nimis ex *vero* nunc tibi nomen erit."
OVID. de Morte Tibulli.

territory. They ſung its ſpoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of *elegy* to their pleaſantries as well as lamentations; till at laſt, through their abundant fondneſs for the *myrtle*, they forgot that the *cypreſs* was *their* peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original deſign of elegy; and it ſhould ſeem, that any kind of ſubjects, treated in ſuch a manner as to diffuſe a pleaſing melancholy, might far better deſerve *the name*, than the facetious mirth and libertine feſtivity of the ſucceſsful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may *ſeem* perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the *uſe* and *end* of elegy. The moſt important end of *all* poetry is to encourage virtue. *Epic* and *tragedy* chiefly recommend the *public* virtues; *elegy* is of a ſpecies which illuſtrates and endears the *private*. There is a truly virtuous pleaſure connected with many penſive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by preſenting ſuitable ideas, has diſcovered ſweets in *melancholy* which we could not find in *mirth*; and has led us with ſucceſs to the duſty *urn*, when we could draw no pleaſure from the ſparkling bowl; as paſtoral conveys an idea of ſimplicity and innocence, it is in particular the taſk and merit of elegy to ſhew the innocence and ſimpli-

* "Dicite Io Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan." OVID.

city of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way diſtinct from *paſtoral*, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to ſurpaſs his tenant both in *dignity* and *underſtanding*. It ſhould alſo tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of *humility*, *diſintereſtedneſs*, *ſimplicity*, and *innocence*: but then there is a *degree* of elegance and refinement, no way inconſiſtent with theſe *rural* virtues; and that raiſes *elegy* above that *merum rus*, that *unpoliſhed* ruſticity, which has given our *paſtoral* writers their higheſt reputation.

Wealth and ſplendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, leſt they ſhould too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other ſcale, that magnifies the ſweets of liberty and independence, that *endears* the honeſt *delights* of love and friendſhip, that *celebrates* the *glory* of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amuſement of letters, and inſenſibly prepares the mind for that humanity it *inculcates*, *ſuch* a kind of poetry may chance to pleaſe; and if it pleaſe, ſhould ſeem to be of ſervice.

As to the *ſtyle* of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It ſhould imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dreſs be more agreeable, it ſhould be ſimple and diffuſe, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A verification therefore is deſirable, which, by indulging a free and unconſtrained expreſſion, may admit of that ſimplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, ſeems well enough adapted to this ſpecies of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occaſions, its inconveniencies appear to loſe their weight *in ſhorter* elegies; and its advantages ſeem to *acquire* an *additional* importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies *not long* ſince *publiſhed*; the product of a gentleman * of the moſt exact taſte, and whoſe untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can ſhed.

It is not impoſſible that ſome may think this metre too lax and proſaic: others, that even a more diſſolute variety of numbers may have ſuperior advantages. And, in favour of theſe laſt, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his verſification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, muſt prove *too much*; ſince the writers I have in view ſeem capable enough of recommending any metre they ſhall chuſe; though it muſt be owned alſo, that the choice *they* make of any, is at the ſame time the ſtrongeſt preſumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to *compromiſe* the diſpute. There is no one kind of metre that is diſtinguiſhed by rhymes, but is liable to ſome objection or other. Heroic verſe, where every ſecond line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment re-

* Mr. Hammond.

quires that the *ſenſe* ſhould in ſome meaſure alſo terminate) is apt to render the expreſſion either ſcanty or conſtrained. And this is ſometimes obſervable in the writings of a poet lately deceaſed; though I believe no one ever threw ſo much ſenſe together with ſo much *eaſe* into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of *conſtraint* too often accompanies this metre, it ſeems by no means proper for a writer of *elegy*.

The *previous* rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at ſuch a diſtance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the ſentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this ſeems to be the greateſt objection to *that* kind of verſification. But then the peculiar *eaſe* and *variety* it admits of, are no doubt ſufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of *length*.

The chief exception to which *ſtanza* of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the ſenſe too *regularly*, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be leſs diſcernible in ſmaller compoſitions, as I ſuppoſe it *is*, I flatter myſelf, that the advantages I have before mentioned reſulting from alternate rhyme (with which ſtanza is, I think, connected) may, at leaſt in *ſhorter* elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I ſhall ſay but little of the different *kinds* of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occaſions. The mind

mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is ſoftened to an *exceſs*. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and deſign, and being addreſſed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderneſs and perſpicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiſcuous incidents, and addreſſed to the world in general, inculcate ſome ſort of moral, and admit a different degree of reaſoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his ſubjects *occaſionally*, as particular incidents in life *ſuggeſted*, or diſpoſitions of mind *recommended* them to his choice. If he deſcribes a rural landſkip, or unfolds the train of ſentiments it inſpired, he fairly drew his picture from the ſpot; and felt very ſenſibly the affection he communicates. If he ſpeaks of his humble ſhed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the ſcene; who having (whether through choice or neceſſity, is not material) retired betimes to country-ſolitudes, and ſought his happineſs in rural employments, has a right to conſider himſelf as a real ſhepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are *his own*, and the embelliſhment of his *farm* his ſole amuſement. As the ſentiments therefore were inſpired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffuſing at leaſt ſome *part* of that amuſement, which he freely acknowleges he received from the compoſition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconſiſtency in the moral tenor of the ſeveral elegies; and the ſubſequent ones may ſometimes ſeem a recantation of the preceding.

preceding. The reader will ſcarcely impute this to overſight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor ſpeculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and conſequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more ſtriking repreſentation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the uſe of Engliſh or modern alluſions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an *entire* ignorance, or to the *leaſt* diſeſteem, of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient *plan* and *method* in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondneſs for his native country, he has made uſe of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the beſt model he could find: with what ſucceſs, beyond his own amuſement, muſt be left to judges leſs partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of thoſe ſhould be ſo candid, as to approve the variety of ſubjects he has choſen, and the tenderneſs of ſentiment he has endeavoured to impreſs, he begs the *metre* alſo may not be too ſuddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker meaſure, may perhaps conſider *this* as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually loſe its force, if this meaſure ſhould be allowed to ſuit the nature of elegy.

If

If it ſhould happen to be conſidered as an object with *others*, that there is too much of a moral caſt diffuſed through the whole; it is replied, that he *endeavoured* to animate the poetry ſo far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to *riſque excluding* the faſhionable reader: at the ſame time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the *bloſſom* of a *fruit-tree*. Poetry is indeed like that ſpecies of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and bloſſoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the *former*, however it may be embelliſhed by the flowers which ſurround it.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occaſion to expatiate in praiſe of ſimplicity. To a FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native ſkies,
I bade Auguſta's venal ſons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees, I ſee my ſmoke ariſe;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which ſecures my reſt,
Preſerve this villa for a friend that 's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unſincere!

Far from theſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hoſtile name!
Hence! the faint verſe that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd ſtrains, the price of fame!

O lov'd ſimplicity, be thine the prize!
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe,
Contemns the power, the dull reſource to feign!

Still may the mourner, laviſh of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn!
Still may the bard diſſembling doubts and fears,
For praiſe, for flattery ſighing, ſigh forlorn!

Soft

Soft as the line of love-ſick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill diſcloſe
So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream.

Ye loveleſs bards! intent with artful pains
To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow ſincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful ſoul
Love's gentle tyrant ſeats his aweful throne,
Write from thy boſom—let not art controul
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace,
The forms our pencil, or our pen deſign'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face!
"Such the ſoft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bowers,
The Loves and Graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintry ſcenes of chill decay!

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of every vulgar care,
When Hope exalts thee, or when Doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou haſt worn the day,
Near fount or ſtream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to ſtray,
The faithful Muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

On poſthumous reputation. To a FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praiſe;
O fooliſh Muſes! that with zeal inſpire
To deck the cold inſenſate ſhrine with bays!
When the free ſpirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the ſkies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will ſhe hear the diſtant voice of fame?
Or, hearing, fancy ſweetneſs in the ſound?
Perhaps ev'n genius pours a ſlighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n friendſhip ſheds a fruitleſs tear;
Ev'n Lyttelton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.
Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their ſighs;
Though near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the ſkies?
No, ſhould his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleaſures, and diſpell'd his pain.
Yes—the fair proſpect of ſurviving praiſe
Can every ſenſe of preſent joys excel:
For this, great Hadrian choſe laborious days;
Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewel.

Shall

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raiſe,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to ſpread the ſacred baſe,
To plan a work, through lateſt ages fair!

Is it ſmall tranſport, as with curious eye
You trace the ſtory of each Attic ſage,
To think your blooming praiſe ſhall time defy?
Shall waft like odours through the pleaſing page?

To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying ſtyle refines?
And readers call their loſt attention home,
Led by that index where true genius ſhines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their ſocial aim,
Whoſe ardent boſom catch this ancient fire!
Cold intereſt melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours, but with life, expire!

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the ſcanty tear ſupplies;
Whilſt heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puiſſant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume diſtinguiſh Alcon's bier;
The faithful Muſe with votive ſong attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He

He little knew the ſly penurious art;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to beſtow, he felt the warmeſt heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to beſtow.

He little knew to ward the ſecret wound;
He little knew that mortals could enſnare;
Virtue he knew; the nobleſt joy he found,
To ſing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he ſkill'd to guide his wandering ſheep;
And unforeſeen diſaſter thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loſs the ſwain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were ſold.

Ye ſons of wealth! protect the Muſe's train;
From winds protect them, and with food ſupply;
Ah! helpleſs they, to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintery ſky?

He lov'd a nymph: amidſt his ſlender ſtore,
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky ſhore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding ſtream;

His nymph was fair! the ſweeteſt bud that blows
Revives leſs lovely from the recent ſhower;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the roſe;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the ſweeteſt flower!

He lov'd the Muſe; ſhe taught him to complain;
He ſaw his timorous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the Muſe; although ſhe taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muſe, for ſhe was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wiſh'd for wealth, for much he wiſh'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeleſs to relieve,
The penſive proſpect ſadden'd all his ſtrain.

I ſaw him faint! I ſaw him ſink to reſt!
Like one ordain'd to ſwell the vulgar throng;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breaſt,
As though the Muſes not inſpir'd his tongue.

I ſaw his bier ignobly croſs the plain;
Saw peaſant hands the pious rite ſupply;
The generous ruſtics mourn'd the friendly ſwain,
But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where?
Would ye the purple ſhould your limbs adorn,
Go waſh the conſcious blemiſh with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA'S URN. To Mr. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's duſky ſhade,
Near ſome lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fear ſurvey'd!
What ſhrouded ſpectres ſuperſtition ſeen!

But you ſecure ſhall pour your ſad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantoms wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none, but ſuperſtition's eye, ſurvey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall ſee your ſtep to theſe ſad ſcenes return:
Conſtant, as cryſtal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd ſhall preſume to ſtray
Where ſleep the reliques of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where ſoft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muſe, as with unceaſing ſighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May ſee light groups of pleaſing viſions riſe;
And phantoms glide, but of celeſtial kind.

There fame, her clarion pendant at her ſide,
Shall ſeek forgiveneſs of Ophelia's ſhade;
"Why has ſuch worth, without diſtinction, dy'd,
"Why, like the deſert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young ſimplicity, averſe to feign,
Shall unmoleſted breathe her ſofteſt ſigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull freſh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
And beauty chide the Fates' ſevere command,
That ſhew'd the frailty of ſo fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taſte explain;
For mournful ſable all her hues forego,
And aſk ſweet ſolace of the Muſe in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the ſacred Nine their loſs deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your beſt, your brighteſt favourite is no more.

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendſhip. To MELISSA his Friend.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
I paſs a while to friendſhip's equal ſkies;
Thou, generous maid, reliev'ſt my partial pain,
And chear'ſt the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Meliſſa, thou deſerv'ſt my care:
How can my will and reaſon diſagree?
How can my paſſion live beneath deſpair!
How can my boſom ſigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear Meliſſa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My ſoul has yet ſurviv'd its dreareſt time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
Love is a pleaſing, but a various clime!

So ſmiles immortal Maro's favourite ſhore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
When ſtrait Veſuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blaſts the regions round.

Oh

Oh bliſsful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When Maro to theſe fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurſt domains!
When Pliny, 'mid ſulphureous clouds, expir'd!
So ſmiles the ſurface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When ſoon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And ſky and ocean mingle in the fray.
But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Ev'n hope ſubſide amid the billows toſt;
Hope, ſtill emergent, ſtill contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted ſmile is loſt.

ELEGY VI.

To a lady on the language of birds.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The ſcience of the feather'd choirs explore:
Hear linnets argue, larks deſcant of love,
And blame the gloom of ſolitude no more.
My doubt ſubſides—'tis no Italian ſong,
Nor ſenſeleſs ditty, chears the vernal tree:
Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that muſic may with ſenſe agree?
And come, my Muſe! that lov'ſt the ſylvan ſhade;
Evolve the mazes, and the miſt diſpel:
Tranſlate the ſong; convince my doubting maid,
No ſolemn derviſe can can explain ſo well.—

Penſive beneath the twilight ſhades I ſate,
The ſlave of hopeleſs vows, and cold diſdain!
When Philomel addreſs'd his mournful mate,
And thus I conſtrued the mellifluent ſtrain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
At every note a lover ſheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy ſong;
Nor doubt to gain applauſe, when lovers hear.

He the ſad ſource of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus, and to lawleſs love!
He mourns the ſtory of our ancient woes;
Ah could our muſic his complaints remove!

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerleſs maid;
And ſee pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted ſky,
A train of lovers court the checquer'd ſhade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Erewhile no ſhepherd to theſe woods retir'd;
No lover bleſt the glow-worm's pallid ray:
But ill-ſtar'd birds, that liſtening not admir'd,
Or liſtening envy'd our ſuperior lay.

Chear'd by the ſun, the vaſſals of his power,
Let ſuch by day unite their jarring ſtrains!
But let us chuſe the calm, the ſilent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He deſcribes his viſion to an acquaintance.

"Cætera per terras omnes animalia," &c. VIRG.

ON diſtant heaths, beneath autumnal ſkies,
Penſive I ſaw the circling ſhades deſcend;
Weary and faint I heard the ſtorm ariſe,
While the ſun vaniſh'd like a faithleſs friend.

No kind companion led my ſteps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful ſlumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleaſing ſound;
The village cur 'twere tranſport then to hear;
In dreadful ſilence all was huſh'd around,
While the rude ſtorm alone diſtreſs'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I ſtray'd,
Where towering Wolſey breath'd his native air;
A ſudden luſtre chas'd the flitting ſhade,
The ſounding winds were huſh'd, and all was fair.

Inſtant a grateful form appear'd confeſt;
White were his locks with awful ſcarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian ſeem'd his veſt,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he ſaid, amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, loneſome, whither would'ſt thou ſtray?
Does wealth or power thy weary ſtep conſtrain?
Reveal thy wiſh, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
To ſtand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the towering ardour ſhare;
Nor meanly roſe, to bleſs myſelf alone:
I ſnatch'd the ſhepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholeſome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the ſuppliant peer I ſaw;
I ſaw proud empires my deciſion wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My ſmile was tranſport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! ſaid I, nor power I ſeek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame theſe toils endure;
A ſimple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolance, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whoſe abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
Yet for his ſake I leave my diſtant home,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I ſcorn the wintry wind;
The ſpring, to ſhade me, robes her faireſt tree;
And if a friend my graſs-grown threſhold find,
O how my lonely cot reſounds with glee!

Yet, though averſe to gold in heaps amaſs'd,
I wiſh to bleſs, I languiſh to beſtow;
And though no friend to fame's obſtreperous blaſt,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too

Too proud with ſervile tone to deign addreſs;
Too mean to think that honours are my due,
Yet ſhould ſome patron yield my ſtores to bleſs,
I ſure ſhould deem my boundleſs thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'ſt blazing forth; diſdaining dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aſpire,
Muſt I not paſs more rugged paths than theſe?

Muſt I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praiſe him I ſcorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or falſehood's treacherous foot beſet the way?

Say ſhould I paſs through favour's crowded gate,
Muſt not fair truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilſt I approach the glittering ſcenes of ſtate,
My beſt companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the ſhades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid ſway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To ſpurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unſhaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if theſe ills the price of power advance,
Check not my ſpeed where ſocial joys invite!
The troubled viſion caſt a mournful glance,
And ſighing vaniſh'd in the ſhades of night.

ELEGY

ELEGY VIII.

He deſcribes his early love of poetry, and its conſequences. To Mr. GRAVES, 1745.

Written after the death of Mr. POPE.

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd ſpell retards their late increaſe?
Such leſſening fleeces muſt the ſwain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe eſſays to pleaſe.

I ſaw my friends in evening circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them ſay my vocal reed was ſweet:
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them ſay!

Ill-fated bard! that ſeeks his ſkill to ſhow,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful ſtep, has more to fear.

Nor could my Graves miſtake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendſhip mark'd the pleaſing way:
Welcome ſuch error! ever bleſt the cauſe!
Ev'n though it led me boundleſs leagues aſtray!

Couldſt thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On liſtening Cherwell's oſier banks reclin'd?
While, foe to fortune, unſeduc'd by fame,
I ſooth'd the bias of a careleſs mind.

Youth's

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met?
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
How ſhall the Muſe thoſe vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliſs by ſolid cares repaid?

Thou know'ſt how tranſport thrills the tender breaſt,
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;
How nature ſhines in livelier colours dreſt,
To bleſs their union, and to grace their train.

So firſt when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their paſſion crown'd,
Unuſual flowers enrich'd the painted green;
And ſwift ſpontaneous roſes bluſh'd around.

Now ſadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping Muſes take their caſual way;
And where they ſtop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the ſprightly roſe?
The cowſlip's golden cup no more I ſee:
Dark and diſcolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul;
Huſh'd be my grief ere every ſmile be fled,
Ere the deep ſwelling ſigh ſubvert the ſoul!

If near ſome trophy ſpring a ſtripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage riſe;
But ſoon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the proſtrate ruin lies.

ELEGY

ELEGY IX.

He deſcribes his diſintereſtedneſs to a friend.

I NE'ER muſt tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India muſt I ne'er diſplay;
Nor boaſt the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor, with Italian ſounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my cryſtal beverage flows;
My grateful ſheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damaſk roſe,
And, from my grove, I hear the throſtle ſing.

My fellow ſwains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glittering ſpoils they rove,
The fates ne'er meant them for the ſhepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your ſinews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
And ſhades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! poliſh'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To ſing ſoft carrols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales aſſign'd!

Would'ſt thou, my Strephon, love's delighted ſlave!
Though ſure the wreaths of chivalry to ſhare,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts ſincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant ſtamp of kings.

O my ſoul weeps, my breaſt with anguiſh bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of gain!
Diſdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I riſe ſuperior, and the rich diſdain.

Oft from the ſtream, ſlow wandering down the glade,
Penſive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miſer weds, I cry, the captive maid,
"And ſome fond lover ſickens at the ſound."

Not Somervile, the Muſe's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient ſky,
So ſhun'd a ſoul diſtain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breaſt, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendſhips, ev'n his ſelf, reſigns;
Perverts the ſacred inſtinct of his ſoul,
And to a ducate's dirty ſphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taſte, with ſcience bleſt,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Reſtore thy dear idea to my breaſt,
The rich depoſit ſhall the ſhrine ſecure.

Let others toil to gain the ſordid ore,
The charms of independence let us ſing;
Bleſt with thy friendſhip, can I wiſh for more?
I 'll ſpurn the boaſted wealth of Lydia's king.

ELEGY

ELEGY X.

To FORTUNE; ſuggeſting his motive for repining at her diſpenſations.

ASK not the cauſe, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with freſh curſes thy deteſted ſway!
Aſk not, thus branded in my ſofteſt ſong,
Why ſtands the flatter'd name, which all obey?

'Tis not, that in my ſhed I lurk forlorn,
Nor ſee my roof on Parian columns riſe;
That, on this breaſt, no mimic ſtar is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than thoſe that light the ſkies.

'Tis not, that on the turf ſupinely laid,
I ſing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the loneſome ſhade,
My finger ſtiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy ſtern command,
When many an embryo dome is loſt in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon riſing column more aſpire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
"Thy fortunes mouldering, and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, ſcornful of my ſage commands;
"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the ſmall ſtream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er ſome rough rock that would its wealth diſplay,
Diſplays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! conſtrue wiſely what ſuch murmurs ſay.

"How would ſome flood, with ampler treaſures bleſt,
Diſdainful view the ſcantling drops diſtil!
How muſt * Velino ſhake his reedy creſt!
How every cygnet mock the boaſtive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and ſee, I give the ſign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the ſquare, the level, and the line,
And, with retorted eye, forſakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the ſhadeleſs plains;
Can unrepining leave the riſing wall:
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
"And my warm hopes, in full purſuit, recall.

Deſcend, ye ſtorms! deſtroy my riſing pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting ſway;
Contented I, although the gazer ſmile
To ſee it ſcarce ſurvive a winter's day.

Let ſome dull dotard baſk in thy gay ſhrine,
As in the ſun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltleſs of envy, why ſhould I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed, 's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundleſs wealth ſupply'd,
Mine and the ſwain's reluctant homage ſhare;
But ah! his tawdry ſhepherdeſs's pride,
Gods! muſt my Delia, muſt my Delia bear?

Let

* A river in Italy.

Muſt Delia's ſoftneſs, elegance, and eaſe,
Submit to Marian's dreſs? to Marian's gold?
Muſt Marian's robe from diſtant India pleaſe?
The ſimple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

"Yet ſure on Delia ſeems the ruſſet fair;
"Ye glittering daughters of diſguiſe, adieu!"
So talk the wiſe, who judge of ſhape and air,
But will the rural thane decide ſo true?

Ah! what is native worth eſteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy falſe glare, O fortune! thine they ſee:
'Tis for my Delia's ſake I dread thy frowns,
And my laſt gaſp ſhall curſes breath on thee.

ELEGY XI.

He complains how ſoon the pleaſing novelty of life is over. To Mr. JAGO.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not laſt!
This fairy-ſcene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm diſſolves; th' aerial muſic 's paſt;
The banquet ceaſes, and the viſion flies.

Where are the ſplendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the ſpacious dome?
Vaniſh'd the coſtly pearls, the crimſon plumes,
And we, delightleſs, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the ſage's wiſdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our ſteps aſtray,
Ere reaſon learns by ſtudy'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd paſſions, ſelf-ſubdued, obey.

Vain

Scarce has the ſun ſeven annual courſes roll'd,
Scarce ſhewn the whole that fortune can ſupply;
Since, not the miſer ſo careſs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to ſigh.

On the world's ſtage I wiſh'd ſome ſprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taſte, and—oh my fooliſh heart;
Subſtantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living ſtone:
"Though gold, though ſplendour, heaven and fate
"deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian ſtroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whoſe lovely ſpoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trim'd my lamp, conſum'd the midnight oil—
But ſoon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native ſcenes, my rural home;
To ſee my trees expreſs their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raiſe my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear deluſion's o'er!
A ſtagnant breezeleſs air becalms my ſoul:
A fond aſpiring candidate no more,
I ſcorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting ſtate, profuſely bleſt!
Bliſs ev'n obtruſive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health careſt;
Careleſs of favour, yet ſecure to find.

Then glows the breaſt, as opening roſes fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honeſt as light, tranſparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to ſubtle age aſſign'd,
Not ſcience ſhall extort that dear delight,
Which gay deluſion gave the tender mind.

Adieu ſoft raptures, tranſports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with deſpair,
Why, why ſo ſoon her fleeting ſteps purſue!

Tedious again to curſe the drizling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracks of ſnow!
Or, ſooth'd by vernal airs, again ſurvey,
The ſelf-ſame hawthorns bud, and cowſlips blow!

O life! how ſoon of every bliſs forlorn!
We ſtart falſe joys, and urge the devious race;
A tender prey; that chears our youthful morn,
Then ſinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

ELEGY XII.

His recantation.

NO more the Muſe obtrudes her thin diſguiſe!
No more with awkward fallacy complains,
How every fervour from my boſom flies,
And reaſon in her loneſome palace reigns.

Ere

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more ſhe paints the breaſt from paſſion free;
I feel, I feel one loitering wiſh ſurvive—
Ah, need I, Florio, name that wiſh to thee?

The ſtar of Venus uſhers in the day,
The firſt, the loveliеſt of the train that ſhine!
The ſtar of Venus lends her brighteſt ray,
When other ſtars their friendly beams reſign.

Still in my breaſt one ſoft deſire remains,
Pure as that ſtar, from guilt, from intereſt free,
Has gentle Delia trip'd acroſs the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wiſh to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the ſcenes of life the ſame,
I tune with careleſs hand my languid lays;
Some ſecret impulſe wakes my former flame,
And fires my ſtrain with hope of brighter days.

I ſlept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I ſee:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

To a Friend, on ſome ſlight occaſion eſtranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a chearful day
Around his ſeat may peaceful ſhades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with ſmiles away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too ſwiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Loſt to our wonted friendſhip, loſt to joy!
Soon may thy breaſt the cordial wiſh reſume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth deſtroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'ſt thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'ſt thou with ſcorn thy once-lov'd friend diſ-
own?

Life is that ſtranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred ſouls forego their ſocial claim?
Launch'd in the vaſt abyſs of ſpace and time,
Shall dark ſuſpicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of ſouls, that knew one parent mold,
See ſadly ſever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial liſt enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one tranſient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where paſſions rage, and hurricanes deſcend:
Say, ſhall we nurſe the rage, aſſiſt the ſtorm?
And guide them to the boſom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boiſterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale ſickneſs warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roſes bloom!
I ſee ſtern fate his ebon wand diſplay;
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then

Then the keen anguiſh from thine eye ſhall ſtart,
Sad as thou follow'ſt my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends ſo ſoon muſt part,
"To let ſuſpicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to viſit foreign countries, he takes occaſion to intimate the advantages of his own.

To Lord TEMPLE.

WHILE others, loſt to friendſhip, loſt to love,
Waſte their beſt minutes on a foreign ſtrand,
Be mine, with Britiſh nymph or ſwain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits theſe verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien ſoil!
To win the vice his genuine ſoul diſdains,
Return exultant, and import the ſpoil!

In vain he boaſts of his deteſted prize;
No more it blooms to Britiſh climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulſe of ungenial ſkies,
See its freſh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An aukward ſtranger, if we waft it o'er;
Why then theſe toils, this coſtly waſte of time,
To ſpread ſoft poiſon on our happy ſhore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In ſearch of foreign modes I ſcorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthleſs bird of brighter plumes,
Would change the meaneſt warbler of my grove.

No diſtant clime ſhall ſervile airs impart,
Or form theſe limbs with pliant eaſe to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illuſive art,
That ſteals my lov'd ruſticity away.

'Tis long ſince freedom fled th' Heſperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd ſhore;
She ſaw the Britiſh oak aſpire ſublime,
And ſoft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial ſuns mature the weſtern mine,
To ſhed its luſtre o'er th' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, ſhape, O native ſoil, are thine;
Thy peerleſs daughters aſk no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the ſeas,
Till torn to ſeaſon the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breaſt whoſe genuine ardours pleaſe,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the ſoul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The Muſe no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She ſeeks her Thomſon on the Britiſh plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthleſs war diſmay'd;
Ah! hapleſs realms that war's oppreſſion feel!
In vain may Auſtria boaſt her Noric blade,
If Auſtria bleed beneath her boaſted ſteel.

Beneath

* The cinnamon.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd ſhe once beheld its friendly ſhade!
And hoary Memphis boaſts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!
No creſcent here diſplays its baneful horns;
No turban'd hoſt the voice of truth reproves;
Learning's free ſource the ſage's breaſt adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.
Boaſt, favour'd Media, boaſt thy flowery ſtores;
Thy thouſand hues by chemic ſuns refin'd;
'Tis not the dreſs or mien thy ſoul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.
While Grenville's breaſt * could virtue's ſtores afford,
What envy'd flota bore ſo fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its luſtre, and the gold its weight.
Thee, Grenville, thee with calmeſt courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native ſhore!
Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
When ſhall we ceaſe to boaſt, or to deplore?
Preſumptuous war, which could thy life deſtroy,
What ſhall it now in recompence decree?
While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguiſh; feel the loſs of thee!
Bid me no more a ſervile realm compare,
No more the Muſe of partial praiſe arraign;
Britannia ſees no foreign breaſt ſo fair,
And, if ſhe glory, glories not in vain.

* Written about the time of Capt. Grenville's death.

ELEGY XV.

In memory of a private family * in Worceſterſhire.

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender ſigh;
Still, as the village caught the waving ſound,
A ſwelling tear diſtream'd from every eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breaſt of old,
When the dull curfew ſpoke their freedom fled;
For, ſighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind ſupport is dead!

'Twas good Palemon—near a ſhaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous roſe;
The flocking rooks, by inſtinct's native rule,
This peaceful ſcene, for their aſylum, choſe.

A few ſmall ſpires to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the ſhades emerging, ſtruck the view;
'Twas here his youth reſpir'd its earlieſt air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its laſt adieu.

One favour'd ſon engag'd his tendereſt care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breaſt the virtues ſprung ſo fair,
Such charms diſplay'd, ſuch ſweets diffus'd around.

But whilſt gay tranſport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poiſon'd ſky;
Blaſts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
And, ſcarce ſurviving, ſees his Cynthio die!

O'er

* The Penns of Harborough.

O'er the pale corſe we ſaw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread, he cry'd,
is ſpun!
If heaven had meant I ſhould my life extend,
Heaven had preſerv'd my life's ſupport, my ſon.
Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the ſtroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree!
Bleſt were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
Had heaven ſo pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."
Five ſleepleſs nights he ſtem'd this tide of woes;
Five irkſome ſuns he ſaw, through tears, forlorn!
On his pale corſe the ſixth ſad morning roſe;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.
'Twas on thoſe downs, by Roman hoſts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers; ruſtic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain ſons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmaſk'd their mind.
'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimſon had forſook the place,
And freedom fondly lov'd the choſen ſeat.
No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breaſt,
To ſwell with empty ſounds a ſpotleſs name;
If foſtering ſkies, the ſun, the ſhower were bleſt,
Their bounty ſpread; their fields extent the ſame.
Thoſe fields, profuſe of raiment, food, and fire,
They ſcorn'd to leſſen, careleſs to extend;
Bade luxury to laviſh courts aſpire,
And avarice to city-breaſts deſcend.

None,

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dower;
To fire with vicious hopes a modeſt heir:
The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or power,
Aſſign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

They ſpoke of fortune, as ſome doubtful dame,
That ſway'd the natives of a diſtant ſphere;
From lucre's vagrant ſons had learnt her fame,
But never wiſh'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free ſpirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the moſt that innocence can give,
Thoſe wholeſome ſweets that border virtue's way;
Thoſe cooling fruits, that we may taſte and live.

Their board no ſtrange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own ſtreams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the ſcaly glutton to the ſhore,
The ſole deceit their artleſs boſom knew!

Sincere themſelves, ah too ſecure to find
The common boſom, like their own, ſincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poiſon bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their ſuppliant buſts implore the reader's prayer;
Ah gentle ſouls! enjoy your bliſsful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For ſure, to bliſsful realms the ſouls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, cenſur'd, ſtrove;
The friends of ſcience! muſic, all their own;
Muſic the voice of virtue and of love!

The

The journeying peaſant, through the ſecret ſhade,
Heard their ſoft lyres engage his liſtening ear;
And haply deem'd ſome courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with tranſport hear.

For theſe the ſounds that chaſe unholy ſtrife!
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch releaſe!
Raiſe him to ſpurn the radiant ills of life:
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure ſpirits! vain the praiſe we give,
The praiſe you ſought from lips angelic flows;
Farewel! the virtues which deſerve to live,
Deſerve an ampler bliſs than life beſtows.

Laſt of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modeſt merit of his line diſplay'd;
Then pious Hugh Vigornia's mitre wore—
Soft ſleep the duſt of each deſerving ſhade!

ELEGY XVI.

He ſuggeſts the advantages of birth to a perſon of merit, and the folly of a ſupercilioufneſs that is built upon that ſole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal ſplendor glows,
When title ſhines with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like ſome fair almond's flowery pomp it ſhews;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then

Then learn, ye fair! to ſoften ſplendor's ray;
Endure the ſwain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekneſs join'd its temperate beam diſplay;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the ſandal'd ſwain, the ſhepherd's boy;
He ſighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulſe of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wiſhes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathleſs vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam ſtill lovely through the checquer'd ſhades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illume the deſart plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I muſt love.

Nor unregarded ſighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods reſpect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the ſcornful mind,
And vengeance, too ſevere! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of ſorrow, lovely ſtill ſhe bore:
Looſe flow'd the ſoft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flowery wreath ſhe wore.

Oft ſtooping as ſhe ſtray'd, ſhe cull'd the pride
Of every plain; ſhe pillag'd every grove!
The fading chaplet daily ſhe ſupply'd,
And ſtill her hand ſome various garland wove.

Erro-

Erroneous fancy ſhap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic ſtray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conſpire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus ſhe ſaid:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapleſs maid,
Sprung from the ſcepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I aſk thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice ſhall whiſper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, ſhall its compaſſion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, ſhepherd! haſt thou ſeen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and ſo is mine;
An air divine diſcloſes whence he ſprung;
He is my love, who boaſts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my reſt,
Ianthe liſtens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods deſcended, fires her breaſt;
A brilliant crown diſtinguiſhes his brow.

What, ſhall I ſtain the glories of my race?
More clear, more lovely bright than Heſper's beam?
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debaſe?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid ſtream?

See through theſe veins the ſapphire current ſhine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' etherial hue:
Can baſe plebeian forms contend with mine!
Diſplay the lovely white, or match the blue?

The

The painter ſtrove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he ſtrove;
He frown'd—I ſmiling view'd the faint eſſay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earlieſt Saturn, ſprung
Our ſacred race; through demigods, convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My god-like boy, muſt wed their duteous maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My ſire's dread fury murmurs through the ſky;
And ſhould I yield—his inſtant rage appears,
He darts th' up-lifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not ſeen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love enſnar'd my ſoul:
'Twas then—I hardly ſcap'd the fatal ſnare.

'Twas then a peaſant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I liſten'd to his vulgar ſtrain;—
Yet ſuch his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and bliſsful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why waſtes my vernal bloom,
In fruitleſs ſearches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilſome path reſume,
And I ſhall die—before I find my love.

When laſt I ſlept, methought my raviſh'd eye,
On diſtant heaths his radiant form ſurvey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompaſs'd all the ſky,
The gems that bound his brow, diſpell'd the ſhade.

O how this boſom kindled at the ſight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleaſing chaſe!
Till, on a ſudden, theſe with-held their light—
All, all things envy the ſublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the diſtant grove,
Wanders my deſtin'd youth, and chides my ſtay;
See, ſee, he graſps the ſteel—forbear, my love—
Ianthe comes; thy princeſs haſtes away."

Scornful ſhe ſpoke, and heedleſs of reply
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
The piteous victim of an angry ſky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud diſdain!

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the ſuggeſtions of ſpleen: An elegy to the winds.

" Æole, namque tibi divûm pater atque hominum rex
" Et mulcere dedit mentes & tollere vento."

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my prayer!
A while thy fury check, thy ſtorm confine!
No trivial blaſt impells the paſſive air;
But brews a tempeſt in a breaſt like mine.

What

What bands of black ideas ſpread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poiſon taint the cryſtal ſprings!
With noiſome vapour blaſt the verdant ſhade!

I know their leader, ſpleen; and dread the ſway
Of rigid Eurus, his deteſted ſire;
Through one my bloſſoms and my fruits decay;
Through one my pleaſures and my hopes expire.

Like ſome pale ſtripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
I ſtand aghaſt; and chill'd with fear ſurvey
How far I 've tempted life's deceitful ſtream!

Where, by remorſe impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the ſad preſage of coming years,
And ſorrowing dwells on pleaſures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends ſhe roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She ſees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But ſees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She viſits, Iſis! thy forſaken ſtream,
Oh ill forſaken for Bœotian air!
She deems no flood reflects ſo bright a beam,
No reed ſo verdant, and no flowers ſo fair.

She dreams beneath thy ſacred ſhades were peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil ſtorm repel;
Reviews thy ſocial bliſs, thy learned eaſe,
And with no chearful accent cries, farewel!

Farewel,

Farewel, with whom to theſe retreats I ſtray'd!
By youthful ſports, by youthful toils ally'd!
Joyous we ſojourn'd in thy circling ſhade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progreſs of my rival's vow;
Sees every Muſe a partial ear incline;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuſe of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to pleaſe,
Now blaſt my hope, now vindicate deſpair;
Bids my fond verſe the love-ſick parley ceaſe;
Accuſe my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend ſome pathleſs vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
Alas! there echo will repeat the tale —
Where ſhall I find the ſilent ſcenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckleſs fate alone;
Forbid to pleaſe, yet fated to admire;
Away my friends! my ſorrows are my own!
Why ſhould I breathe around my ſick deſire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near ſome ſad ruin's ghaſtly ſhade to dwell!
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mouldering refuſe, build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy proſtrate pomp diſplay!
Trace every diſmal proof of fortune's power;
Let me the wreck of theatres ſurvey,
Or penſive ſit beneath ſome nodding tower.

Or where ſome duct, by rolling ſeaſons worn,
Convey'd pure ſtreams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in ſilence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confuſion ſtrewn;
Let baniſh'd Marius, lowering by thy ſide,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the ſtorms! forbear!
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
And ſcarce a pleaſing twilight ſoothes my care,
Ere one vaſt death like darkneſs ſhocks my ſoul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial baſe
Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy reſumes its place,
Should the ſky brighten, or Meliſſa ſmile.

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the ſong of COLLIN, a diſcerning ſhepherd; lamenting the ſtate of the woollen manufactory.

"Ergo omni ſtudio glaciem ventoſque nivales,
"Quo minus eſt illis curæ mortalis egeſtas,
"Avertes: victumque feres." VIRG.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
A * tuneful ſhepherd charm'd the liſtening wave;
And ſunny Cotſol' fondly lov'd the ſtrain;
Yet not a garland crowns the ſhepherd's grave!
Oh!

* Mr. Somervile.

Oh! loſt Ophelia! ſmoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his muſic with my flames agree!
To taſte the beauties of his melting lay,
To taſte, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I ſteal the muſk-roſe from the ſcented brake,
I ſtrew my cowſlips, and I pay my tear,
I 'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's ſake.

Shivering beneath a leafleſs thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour ſeiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his faultering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth ſublim'd the ſong.

"Adieu my flocks, he ſaid! my wonted care,
By ſunny mountain, or by verdant ſhore!
May ſome more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Collin's crook no more!

And you, ye ſhepherds! lead my gentle ſheep;
To breezy hills, or leafy ſhelters lead;
But if the ſky with ſhowers inceſſant weep,
Avoid the putrid moiſture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitleſs gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign ſloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

Was it for this, by conſtant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave;
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bath'd them in the lucid wave?

Ah heedleſs Albion! too benignly prone
Thy blood to laviſh, and thy wealth reſign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerleſs hill
Thou gav'ſt the ſheep that browze Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithleſs region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they ſtray;
Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the ſoft ſhepherd, all the livelong day,
Chaunts his proud miſtreſs to his hoarſe guittar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece deſpiſe;
Unmov'd they hear the pining ſhepherd's moan;
In ſilky folds each nervous limb diſguiſe,
Allur'd by every treaſure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky ſteep,
Anxious, to ſee the wintry tempeſt drive;
Preſerve, ſaid I, preſerve your fleece, my ſheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long ſhe came: ah! woe is me, ſhe came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like theſe they give their ſpotleſs fame,
Reſign their bloom, their innocence reſign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of Britiſh hills to fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
That virtue's dreſs, and beauty's are the ſame?
Will no fam'd chief ſupport this generous maid?
Once more the patriot's arduous path reſume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the Britiſh loom?
What power unſeen my raviſh'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary ſhade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inſpires,
To breath my lateſt breath in * * *'s praiſe.
O might my breath for * * *'s praiſe ſuffice,
How gently ſhould my dying limbs repoſe!
O might his future glory bleſs mine eyes,
My raviſh'd eyes! how calmly would they cloſe!
* * * was born to ſpread the general joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
Britons for Britain ſhall the crook employ;
Britons for Britain's glory ſhear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

Written in ſpring 1743.

AGAIN the labouring hind inverts the ſoil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another ſpring renews the ſoldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the ſoft lyre diſplay'd my wonted loves,
The penſive pleaſure and the tender pain,
The ſordid Alpheus hurry'd through my groves;
Yet ſtop'd to vent the dictates of diſdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower;
My breaſt, unſully'd by the luſt of gold;
My time, unlaviſh'd in purſuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate;
Abjure theſe ſcenes from venal paſſions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endleſs war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dreſt an altar to Thalia's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant ſhrine with flowers,
Soft on my labours ſtole the ſmiling dame.

Damon, ſhe cry'd, if pleas'd with honeſt praiſe,
Thou court ſucceſs by virtue or by ſong,
Fly the falſe dictates of the venal race;
Fly the groſs accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre ſhall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeleſs day—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I ſwore.

Forth from the ruſtic altar ſwift I ſtray'd,
"Aid my firm purpoſe, ye celeſtial powers!
Aid me to quell the ſordid breaſt, I ſaid;
And threw my javelin tow'rds their hoſtile towers *.

Think

* A Roman ceremony in declaring war.

Think not regretful I ſurvey the deed;
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, ſtill obſervant to the grove I ſpeed,
The ſhrine embelliſh, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentleſs foe,
Such generous hate the Punic champion * bore;
Thy lake, O Thraſimene! beheld it glow,
And Cannæ's walls, and Trebia's crimſon ſhore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair ſhine his arms in hiſtory enroll'd;
Whilſt humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eve ſurvey'd;
Its hoſts exhauſted, and its fleets on fire:
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And ſaw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depreſs'd the yielding ſcale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He ſaw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He ſaw their tears, and in his fury ſmil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the ſmiles of eaſe,
Or this firm breaſt diſclaims a patriot's pain;
I ſmile, but from a ſoul eſtrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with diſdain!

But were it cordial, this deteſted ſmile,
Seems it leſs timely than the grief ye ſhow?
O ſons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The ſordid ſource of your indecent woe!

* Hannibal.

Why weep ye now! ye ſaw with tearleſs eye
When your fleet periſh'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy ſigh,
When Tyre's imperial ſtate commenc'd a ſlave?

'Tis paſt—O Carthage! vanquiſh'd! honour'd ſhade!
Go, the mean ſorrows of thy ſons deplore;
Had freedom ſhar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forſook thy ſhore."

He ceas'd—abaſh'd the conſcious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimſon bluſh unfold;
Yet o'er that virtuous bluſh diſtreams a tear,
And falling moiſtens their abandon'd gold.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the diſtreſs of others; and his ſubjection to DELIA, with the miſerable ſervitude of an African ſlave.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn,
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath each wintry ſky?
What penſive crowds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads, wiſh to be as bleſt as I!

What though my roofs devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtin'd way?
Nor coſtly art my flowery dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple friendſhip deigns to ſtray?

See

See the wild ſons of Lapland's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the drifted ſnows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a ſlave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes, 'tis ev'n bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores;
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No, let the Muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away.

On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropt a tear unſeen into the flood;
He ſtole one ſecret moment, to repine.

Yet the Muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire;
To me the Muſe his tender plea convey'd,
But ſmooth'd, and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?

Here

Here the dire locuſts horrid ſwarms prevail;
Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
Here the dry dipſa writh his ſinuous mail;
Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for this chriſtian race?
O race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they!

Ye prouling wolves, purſue my lateſt cries!
Thou hungry tiger, leave thy reeking den!
Ye ſandy waſtes, in rapid eddies riſe!
O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men!

Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows;
Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of bliſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
But ſtain'd with blood, and crimſon'd o'er with crimes,
Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair?

No, careleſs, hopeleſs, of thoſe fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

For them our tuſky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nations wild deſires? —
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is ſold!

Yet, ſhores there are, bleſt ſhores for us remain,
And favour'd iſles with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze ſhall med'cine every wound.

There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life
Shall, vainly ſuppliant, ſpread his aſking hand;
There ſhall we view the billows raging ſtrife,
Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

THUS Damon ſung—What though unknown to praiſe
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muſe and me;
Or 'mid the rural ſhepherds, flow my days,
Amid the rural ſhepherds, I am free.

To view ſleek vaſſals crowd a ſtately hall,
Say, ſhould I grow myſelf a ſolemn ſlave?
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
Through fringy woodland, or ſmooth-ſhaven lawn;
Or penſile grove, or airy cliff aſcend,
And hail the ſcene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
Nor fattening olive cloath the fields I rove,
Sequeſter'd ſhades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And every ſilvan grott the Muſes love.

Here if my viſta point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aſpect wore,
I trace the tottering reliques with a ſmile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landſcape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, riſe;
Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thouſand vallies borne,
Diſcern the Cambrian hills ſupport the ſkies.

And ſee Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful ſight
Scales the proud hill's etherial cliffs with pain!
Such Caer-caradoc! thy ſtupendous height,
Whoſe ample ſhade obſcures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyleſs regions! where, by ſcience fir'd,
Some prying ſage his lonely ſtep may bend;
There, by the love of novel plaints inſpir'd,
Invidious view the clambering goats aſcend.

Yet for thoſe mountains, clad with laſting ſnow,
The freeborn Briton left his greeneſt mead,
Receding ſullen from his mightier foe,
For here he ſaw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Suſtain'd her drooping ſons, repell'd her foes,
Above all Perſian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majeſtic monument aroſe.

Pro-

Progreſſive ages carol'd forth his fame;
Sires, to his praiſe, attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
While in ſuch ſtrains the reverend vizard ſung.

"Go forth, my ſons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty reſign'd?
Go forth, my ſons! for what is inſtant death
To ſouls ſecure perennial joys to find?

For ſcenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, bleſt with boundleſs freedom, reign,
With miſletoe's myſterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your myſtic ſongs;
Your ſolemn woods reſound their martial fire;
To you, my ſons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cauſe you vanquiſh or expire.

Hark! from the ſacred oak that crowns the groves,
What aweful voice my raptur'd boſom warms;
This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
Sound the ſhrill trump; this inſtant, ſound to arms."

Theirs was the ſcience of a martial race,
To ſhape the lance, or decorate the ſhield;
Ev'n the fair virgin ſtain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for ſome cheek where guilty bluſhes glow,
For ſome falſe Florimel's impure diſguiſe,
The liſted youth, nor war's loud ſignal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then

Then if ſoft concord lull'd their fears to ſleep,
Inert and ſilent ſlept the manly car;
But ruſh'd horrific o'er the fearful ſteep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the ſleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
Thron'd in the ſplendid carriage glides ſupine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign ſtain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith reſign.

Leave them, O luxury! this happy ſoil!
Chaſe her, Britannia, to ſome hoſtile ſhore!
Or * fleece the baneful peſt with annual ſpoil,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year ——, when the rights of ſepulture were ſo frequently violated.

SAY, gentle ſleep, that lov'ſt the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, ſay,
Whence my late viſion thus indures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.

The ſilent moon had ſcal'd the vaulted ſkies,
And anxious care reſign'd my limbs to reſt;
A ſudden luſtre ſtruck my wondering eyes,
And Silvia ſtood before my couch confeſt.

Ah! not the nymph ſo blooming and ſo gay,
That led the dance beneath the feſtive ſhade!
But ſhe that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the graſs-green ſod was laid.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance caſt;
No more her breaſt inſpir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pæſtan roſe ſurpaſt;
Yet ſeem'd her lip's etherial ſmile the ſame.

Nor ſuch her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor ſuch her voice as charm'd the liſtening crowd;
Nor ſuch her dreſs as heighten'd every grace;
Alas! all vaniſh'd for the mournful ſhroud!

Yet ſeem'd her lip's etherial charm the ſame;
That dear diſtinction every doubt remov'd;
Periſh the lover, whoſe imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon, ſhe ſaid, mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waſte it with a fruitleſs tear!
Though griev'd to ſee thy Silvia's pale diſguiſe,
Suſpend thy ſorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy Muſe with virtuous fame be bleſt!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in ſacred ſilence reſt,
Faſt by the reliques of ſome happier maid!

Thou know'ſt, how lingering on a diſtant ſhore
Diſeaſe invidious nipt my flowery prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender boſom tore,
To think I ne'er muſt view my native clime!

No friend was near to raiſe my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to ſee me die;
Lodge me within my native ſoil, I ſaid;
There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

Though

Though now debarr'd of each domeſtic tear;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend ſhall grace my woeful bier,
And many a ſigh ſhall riſe, and tear ſhall flow.

I ſpoke, nor fate forbore his trembling ſpoil;
Some vernal mourner lent his careleſs aid;
And ſoon they bore me to my native ſoil,
Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from every plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verſe thy Silvia's bier;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And ſtrew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender ſcene diſplay?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 'twas Damon firſt attun'd his lay,
And ſure no ſonnet was ſo dear as thine.

Thus was I boſom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghoſt no longer wept its doom;
When ſavage robbers every ſanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corſe, from hoſtile realms convey'd,
Loſe the cheap portion of my native ſands?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, would thy breaſt no death-like torture feel,
To ſee my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
To ſee them gaſh'd beneath the daring ſteel?
To crowds a ſpectre, and to dogs a pray?

If Pæan's ſons theſe horrid rites require,
If health's fair ſcience be by theſe refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their uſe, expire;
And let their breathleſs corſe avail mankind.

Yet hard it ſeems, when guilt's laſt fine is paid,
To ſee the victim's corſe deny'd repoſe!
Now, more ſevere! the poor offenceleſs maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
Nature, inſtinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And ſacred be their aſhes, and their fame:

Ariſe, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain ſnuffs his wonted prey;
See! ſee! I lead thee to yon' ſacred walls—
Oh! fly to chaſe theſe human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections ſuggeſted by his ſituation.

BORN near the ſcene for Kenelm's fate renown'd
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raiſe my lay, and bid the rocks reſound
The ſavage force of empire, and of love.

Faſt by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where ſpreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tendereſt pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could every care employ;
Then with aſſiduous fondneſs cropt the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy?

But ſoon the boſom's pleaſing calm is flown;
Love fires her breaſt; the ſultry paſſions riſe;
A favour'd lover ſeeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how juſt were fate,
Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How ſweet to revel on the couch of ſtate!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garniſh'd for the chace, the fraudful maid
To theſe lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth all prone the ſiſter guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himſelf the deſtin'd prey.

But now, nor ſhaggy hill, nor pathleſs plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the ſylvan game;
Since Lyttelton has crown'd the ſweet domain
With ſofter pleaſures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong ſteed,
Immortal bards, a poliſh'd race, retire;
And where hoarſe ſcream'd the ſtrepent horn, ſucceed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomſon loitering near ſome limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, ſtudious of revolving ſeaſons, tell,
How peerleſs Lucia made all ſeaſons fair!

See

See * * * * * * * from civic garlands fly,
And in theſe groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon' ſummit, with a guardian's eye,
Obſerve how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope! ah never muſt that towering mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return?
What art! what friendſhips! oh! what fame reſign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breaſt can rage or hate retain,
And theſe glad ſtreams and ſmiling lawns behold?
Where is the breaſt can hear the woodland ſtrain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through theſe ſoft ſhades delighted let me ſtray,
While o'er my head forgotten ſuns deſcend!
Through theſe dear valleys bend my caſual way,
Till ſetting life a total ſhade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I 'll muſe how much I owe mine humbler fate:
Or ſhrink to find, how much ambition dares,
To ſhine in anguiſh, and to grieve in ſtate!

Canſt thou, O ſun! that ſpotleſs throne diſcloſe,
Where her bold arm has left no ſanguine ſtain?
Where, ſhew me where, the lineal ſceptre glows,
Pure, as the ſimple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, diſtruſt, and fear,
In kindred boſoms ſolve the ſocial tie;
There not the parent ſmile is half ſincere;
Nor void of art the conſort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wiſh, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no boſoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one ſordid aim,
And ev'n the beardleſs lip aſſays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous round;
The glance, that more than rural blame inſtills;
Whiſpers, that ting'd with friendſhip doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careſſing brothers part but to revile;
There all men ſmile, and prudence warns the wiſe,
To dread the fatal ſtroke of all that ſmile.

There all her rivals! ſiſter, ſon, and ſire,
With horrid purpoſe hug deſtructive arms;
There ſoft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conſpire,
And ſcorn the gentler miſchief of their charms.

Let ſervile minds one endleſs watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard reſign;
But lay me, fate! on flowery banks, ſecure,
Though my whole ſoul be, like my limbs, ſupine.

Yes, may my tongue diſdain a vaſſal's care;
My lyre reſound no proſtituted lay;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wiſh it not o'er golden ſands to flow;
Chear'd by the verdure of my ſpiral wood,
I ſcorn the quarry, where no ſhrub can grow.

No

No midnight pangs the ſhepherd's peace purſue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no ſecret wound;
He ſings his Delia, and if ſhe be true,
His love at once, and his ambition 's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occaſion, from the fate of ELEANOR of BRETAGNE, to ſuggeſt the imperfect pleaſures of a ſolitary life.

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the chearful glance of human eye;
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the riſing ſigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind,
The cauſe of love, the cauſe of juſtice own?
Matchleſs thy charms, and was no life reſign'd
To ſee them ſparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might ſuch brows the regal gem reſign;
Thy radiant mien might ſcorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O ſhame of Britons! in one ſullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguiſh every roſe devour;
They ſprung, they ſhone, they faded, and they fell.

Through one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Succeſſive ſuns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how faſt her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what ſplendor can ſupply;
Fond youth inceſſant mourns, if rigid walls
Reſtrain its liſtening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, ****, the pretence is vain!
This boaſted calm that ſmooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind reſtrain
Th' alternate pant for pleaſure and for praiſe.

Ev'n me, by ſhady oak or limpid ſpring,
Ev'n me, the ſcenes of poliſh'd life allure;
Some genius whiſpers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languiſhes obſcure.

What though thy riper mind admire no more—
The ſhining cincture, and the broider'd fold,
Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
And melt to droſs the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermins, rods, may well attract thy ſcorn;
The futile preſents of capricious power!
But wit, but worth, the public ſphere adorn,
And who but envies then the ſocial hour?

Can virtue, careleſs of her pupil's meed,
Forget how *** ſuſtains the ſhepherd's cauſe?
Content in ſhades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the ſounding pæan of applauſe?

For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the Muſe's favourite eaſe;
And ſhall not ſwains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praiſe, admiring ſtrive to pleaſe?

Life, ſays the ſage, affords no bliſs ſincere;
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:
But ah! where Grenvile charms the liſtening ear,
'Tis hard to think the chearleſs maxim true.

The groves may ſmile; the rivers gently glide;
Soft through the vale reſound the loneſome lay.
Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taſte preſide;
But can they pleaſe, when Lyttelton's away?

Pure as the ſwain's the breaſt of *** glows,
Ah! were the ſhepherd's phraſe, like his, refin'd!
But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a poliſh'd mind!

Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmoſt wiſh in ***'s periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonſdale gilds the ſphere!

While rural faith, and every poliſh'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conſpire,
From public ſcenes all penſive muſt you part;
All joyleſs to the greeneſt fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or ſtream,
Like ſome lone halcyon, ſocial pleaſure ſhun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its chearful beam,
And hail the bright proceſſion of the ſun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd ſhades, reſume
The ſilent walk; no more by paſſion toſt:
Then ſeek thy ruſtic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where every art, that colours life, is loſt."—
In vain! the liſtening Muſe attends in vain!
Reſtraints in hoſtile bands her motions wait—
—Yet will I grieve, and ſadden all my ſtrain,
When injur'd beauty mourns the Muſe's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

To DELIA, with ſome flowers; complaining how much his benevolence ſuffers on account of his humble fortune.

WHate'er could ſculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the laviſh hand of wealth can ſhower,
Theſe would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the power.
Bleſt were my lot to feed the ſocial fires!
To learn the latent wiſhes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taſte admires,
And, for my tranſport, on his ſmile depend!
Bleſt too is he, whoſe evening ramble ſtrays,
Where droop the ſons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at ſmall expence, their fondeſt prayer!

And

And oh the joy! to ſhun the conſcious light,
To ſpare the modeſt bluſh; to give unſeen!
Like ſhowers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the ſmiling vales with green.

But happieſt they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whoſe virtue in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whoſe ſad fate a thouſand ſhepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief ſincere.

To call loſt worth from its oppreſſive ſhade;
To fix its equal ſphere, and ſee it ſhine;
To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
This, this is tranſport—but muſt ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliſs; nor I refuſe
To range where daizies open, rivers roll;
While proſe or ſong the languid hours amuſe,
And ſoothe the fond impatience of my ſoul.

A while I 'll weave the roofs of jaſmine bowers,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
A while I 'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
Then, unlamented, preſs an early bier!

Of thoſe lov'd flowers the lifeleſs corſe may ſhare;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath beſtow:
The reſt will breathe as ſweet, will glow as fair,
As when their maſter ſmil'd to ſee them glow.

The ſequent morn ſhall wake the ſylvan quire;
The kid again ſhall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will ſmile, will wear her beſt attire;
O! let not gentle Delia ſmile ſo ſoon!

While

While the rude hearſe conveys me ſlow away,
And careleſs eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmoſt worth o'erpay;
And, ſoftly ſighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! chear'd by thy ſuperior praiſe,
I bleſs the ſilent path the fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the liſt of my inglorious days,
To raze the moments crown'd with bliſs and thee.

ELEGY XXVI.

Deſcribing the ſorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcaſt eye!
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bleſt in thy ſong, and bleſt in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
Not Damon's friendſhip can my peace reſtore;
Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell;
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets, farewel.

But

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
In fortune's train the ſyren flattery ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chaſe, till Jeſſy was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words the wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding Jeſſy lay.

" Henry,

" Henry, ſhe ſaid, by thy dear form ſubdued,
See the ſad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame;
For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
The ſportive lamps, increaſe my penſive moan;
All ſeem to chaſe me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I ſtray,
Where bloom the jaſmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, Jeſſy; we are pure.

Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale
Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

Thus

Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Leſt my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

Raiſe me from earth; the pains of want remove
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;
There only, baniſh'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

Be but my friend; I aſk no dearer name;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to ſhare.

Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jeſſy to the vulgar crew;
Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed!
Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;
Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in prayers for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My Jeſſy—floats upon the watery plain!

And—ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From Jeſſy floating on her watery bier!

ODES,

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

An ODE to the late Ducheſs of SOMERSET. Written 1750.

WHILE orient ſkies reſtore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the ſprightly ſcenes of morn,
Will aught the Muſe inſpire!
Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the ſacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the moſſy down
Some panting, timorous hare purſue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does ſhe ſmooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude conſtraint reſound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched ſwain your ſport ſurvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He ſees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curſes loads the deed.

Nor

Nor yet, ye ſwains, conclude
That nature ſmiles for you alone;
Your bounded ſouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the ſelfiſh boaſt diſown:
Yours be the produce of the ſoil:
O may it ſtill reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceleſs train
Of clinging infants aſk ſupport in vain?

But though the various harveſt gild your plains,
Does the mere landſcape feaſt your eye?
Or the warm hope of diſtant gains
Far other cauſe of glee ſupply?
Is not the red-ſtreak's future juice
The ſource of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuſe,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirſt ye praiſe the limpid ſtream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled ſhores among,
It mimic no unpleaſing ſong,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye ſee the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the ſpring her flowery robe reſume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a ſmile.
O let a rural conſcious Muſe,
For well ſhe knows, your froward ſenſe accuſe:
Forth to the ſolemn oak you bring the ſquare,
And ſpan the maſſy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye ſtray
To waſte with us a ſummer's day.
Exclude the taſte of every ſwain,
Nor our untutor'd ſenſe diſdain:
'Tis nature only gives excluſive right
To reliſh her ſupreme delight;
She, where ſhe pleaſes kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh the foaming tides,
The mountain ſwells, the dale ſubſides;
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wandering ſight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what ſuſpicious fearful care
The ſordid wretch ſecures his claim,
If haply ſome luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What ſcruples left ſome future birth
Should litigate a ſpan of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for proſe,
The towering Muſe endures not to diſcloſe;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehenſive and more free,
Her laviſh charter, taſte, appropriates all we ſee.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the ſolemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial ſort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the ſea:
Each laughing Muſe derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria ſcorns the mock embrace,
To ſome lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle ſhores in dower.
His breaſt to admiration prone
Enjoys the ſmile upon her face,
Enjoys trinmphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppreſſive laws,
When Somerſet avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applauſe,
She ſeeks the rural calm retreat;
Does ſhe not praiſe each moſſy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could ſhe not more delighted hear
Yon throſtle chaunt the riſing year?
Could ſhe not ſpurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primroſe of the plains?
Does ſhe not ſweets in each fair valley find,
Loſt to the ſons of power, unknown to half mankind?

Ah, can ſhe covet there to ſee
The ſplendid ſlaves, the reptile race,

That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That ſlight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded ſpires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philoſophic ſtep retires:
While, ſtudious of the moral theme,
She, to ſome ſmooth ſequeſter'd ſtream
Likens the ſwain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to ſurvey,
How cool, ſerene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who ſlight the ſweetly-penſive mind!
On whoſe fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muſe prophetic ſmil'd
Not that the poet's boaſted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet ſwell;
Or, on the muſic of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted ſweets of praiſe remove,
Yet ſhall ſuch boſoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet theſe the ſpirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immenſe, and heaven's unbounded love.

And oh; the tranſport, moſt ally'd to ſong,
In ſome fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch ſoft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:

Whether we fringe the ſloping hill,
Or ſmoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careleſs groups of roſes bloom;
Or let ſome ſhelter'd lake ſerene
Reflect flowers, woods and ſpires, and brighten all the ſcene,
O ſweet diſpoſal of the rural hour;
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bower,
And every gentle breaſt partakes the joy!
While charity at eve ſurveys the ſwain,
Enabled by theſe toils to chear
A train of helpleſs infants dear,
Speed whiſtling home acroſs the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceleſs deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand theſe pleaſures with the name
Of ſoft, unſocial toils, of indolence and ſhame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful uſe alone;
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe the ſmell.

Why

Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? For uſe?
For preſervation? Every ſphere
Shall bid fair pleaſure's rightful claim appear.
And ſure there ſeem, of human kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife;
Some for amuſive taſks deſign'd,
To ſoothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit by the glare of rank and place,
To courts the ſons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival ſeat;
There had ſhe laviſh'd all her care
To form a ſcene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To ſhare her proud control;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of nature's power,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flower;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each ruſtic limb anew,
And warp'd the very ſoul.

A while her magic ſtrikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we ſeem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer ſky,
Where all is wondrous, all is bright:
Now landed on ſome ſpangled ſhore
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By ſapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
Paternal acres pleaſe no more;
Adieu the ſimple, the ſincere delight—
Th' habitual ſcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the ſoil,
And drink the cup of thirſt, and eat the bread of toil.

But ſoon the pageant fades away!
'Tis nature only bears perpetual ſway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigued with ſplendor's irkſome beams.
Fancy again demands the ſight
Of native groves and wonted ſtreams,
Pants for the ſcenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and baniſhes diſguiſe.

Then hither oft, ye ſenators, retire,
With nature here high converſe hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford ſhall with ſcorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;

Beneat'.

Beneath the Britiſh oak's mageſtic ſhade,
Shall ſee fair truth, immortal maid,
Friendſhip in artleſs guiſe array'd,
Honour and moral beauty ſhine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did higheſt heaven ordain
The laſting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy ſeeks to ſhare
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever ſhould remain!

Her impulſe nothing may reſtrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
'Midſt all the city's artful trim,
To rear ſome breathleſs vapid flowers
Or ſhrubs fuliginouſly grim:
From rooms of ſilken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far diſtant grove,
Where, ſmit with undiſſembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her abſent love,
Borne to the duſty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and ſoothe ſome vapour'd fair.

But how muſt faithleſs art prevail,
Should all who taſte our joy ſincere,
To virtue, truth, or ſcience dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!

Ah no, from theſe the public ſphere requires
Examples for its giddy bands:
From theſe impartial heaven demands
To ſpread the flame itſelf inſpires;
To ſift opinion's mingled maſs,
Impreſs a nation's taſte, and bid the ſterling paſs.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whoſe graceful deeds have exemplary ſhone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By ſolemn grot, or ſhady ſpring,
To join their pleaſing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliſs without alloy,
They only that deſerve, enjoy.
What though nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
Nor naiad near their fountain rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental ſight,
A train of ſmiling virtues bright
Shall there the wiſe retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithleſs friends alarm'd,
Art have with nature wag'd preſumptuous war;
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united ſhine,
No longer ſhall their counſels jar.
'Tis her to meditate the peace;

Near

Near Percy-lodge, with awe-ſtruck mien,
The rebel ſeeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention ceaſe.
I ſee the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair deſign;
Nature exalt the mound where art ſhall build;
Art ſhape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye ſongſters of the grove!
O warble forth your nobleſt lay;
Where Somerſet vouchſafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely ſport and play.
—Peace to the ſtrepent horn!
Let no harſh diſonance diſturb the morn,
No ſounds inelegant and rude
Her ſacred ſolitudes profane!
Unleſs her candour not exclude
The lowly ſhepherd's votive ſtrain,
Who tunes his reed amidſt his rural chear,
Fearful, yet not averſe, that Somerſet ſhould hear.

ODE to MEMORY. 1748.

O Memory! celeſtial maid!
Who glean'ſt the flowerets cropt by time;
And, ſuffering not a leaf to fade,
Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime;
Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind
When life was new, and Leſbia kind.

And

And bring that garland to my ſight,
With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
And bring that wreath of roſes bright
Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

And ſketch with care the Muſe's bower,
Where Iſis rolls her ſilver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That ſhines on Cherwell's verdant ſide;
If ſo thou may'ſt thoſe hours prolong,
When poliſh'd Lycon join'd my ſong.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite—
But ſure, to ſoothe our youthful dreams,
Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other ſtreams:
Or, by thy ſoftening pencil ſhewn,
Aſſume they beauties not their own?

And paint that ſweetly vacant ſcene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My ſpirits light, my ſoul ſerene,
I breath'd in verſe one cordial vow:
That nothing ſhould my ſoul inſpire,
But friendſhip warm, and love entire.

Dull to the ſenſe of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muſe attends;
As ſome fond lover, robb'd of ſight,
On thy expreſſive power depends;

Nor

Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that ſhines.

But let me chaſe thoſe vows away
Which at ambition's ſhrine I made;
Nor ever let thy ſkill diſplay
Thoſe anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breaſt that ſeaſon raſe,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I beſtrode;
When, pleas'd in many a ſportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whiſtle that I blew.

Then will I muſe, and penſive ſay,
Why did not theſe enjoyments laſt;
How ſweetly waſted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waſte!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleaſure yield us pain.

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

A BALLAD alluding to a ſtory recorded of her, when ſhe was priſoner at WOODSTOCK, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway.

While

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue?

Malice never taught to treaſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Power nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE to a young LADY,
Somewhat too ſolicitous about her manner of expreſſion.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid ſtream,
Adown the ſmiling valley ſtray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy ſhining hair
In looſe diſhevel'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one ſingle grace beſtow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmoſt ſkill
Inſtruct one flower to pleaſe us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks diſcloſe;
And oh may Laura, ere ſhe try,
With freſh vermilion paint the roſe.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every ſtudy'd grace excel;
Let art conſtrain the rambling note,
And will ſhe, Laura, pleaſe ſo well?

Oh ever keep thy native eaſe,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to pleaſe,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

"Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
"Candidior cygnis! hederâ formoſior albâ!"

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day:

When

When from an hazle's artleſs bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

" Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale!
And every bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, ſprung,
And glittering near its ſide.

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
Her eye, all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rock and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet;
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I 'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego;
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

ODE

ODE to INDOLENCE. 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perſiſts my wearied ſoul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, ſtrives to bring
Or pleaſure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradiſe's honour'd groves,
Careleſs fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the reſting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural moſſy bed
My limbs with careleſs eaſe reclin'd;
Ah, gentle ſloth! indulgent ſpread
The ſame ſoft bandage o'er my mind.

For why ſhould lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly proſpect cloy?
Lend me, ſoft ſloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ſt thou yon calm and ſilent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeſtuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank ſhall riſe,
Where oft thy votary ſhall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the ſkies,
And ſickening verdure fades around.

Ye buſy race, ye factious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty ſhrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiſſant queen! be kind:
If e'er I ſhar'd thy balmy power;
If e'er I ſway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;

Diſſolve in ſleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing ſigh remove;
And only let me wake to ſhare,
The ſweets of friendſhip and of love.

ODE to HEALTH. 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why doſt thou ſhun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to ſhare thy power,
And bleſs thy laſting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether Muſe or Grace,
With tempting ſmile, frequent the place:
I ſigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy ſtay;
Thou yet might'ſt act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'ſt raiſe this languid heart;
Why ſpeed ſo ſwift away?

Thou

Thou ſcorn'ſt the city-air;
I breathe freſh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet haſt not thou my wiſhes crown'd,
O falſe! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with pureſt hand I raiſe
A rural altar to thy praiſe,
Thou wilt not deign to ſave.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boaſted name, and titles fair,
Why ſcorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'ſt the ſportſman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noiſe,
To drown the Muſe's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midſt his unremitting ſnows,
The poor Laponian's boſom glows;
And ſhares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I ſcorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor ſaid a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

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Who then more bleſt than I?
When the glad ſchool-boy's taſk was done,
And forth, with jocund ſprite, I run
To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What ſince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loſs repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor leſſen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could ſink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my ſtars include;
What other breaſts convert to pain,
My towering mind ſhall ſoon diſdain,
Should ſcorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bleſt with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my ſoul ſhould dwell;

Temperance ſhould guard the doors;
From room to room ſhould memory ſtray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleaſing ſtores—

There let them reſt unknown,
The types of many a pleaſing ſcene:
But to preſerve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair Queen! alone.

To a LADY of QUALITY*, Fitting up her LIBRARY. 1738.

AH! what is ſcience, what is art,
Or what the pleaſure theſe impart?
Ye trophies, which the learn'd purſue
Through endleſs fruitleſs toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes beſtow,
To ſoothe the miſeries they ſhew?
What, like the bliſs for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the ſimpleſt hind,
How rare that object which ſupplies
A charm for too diſcerning eyes!

The poliſh'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper ſenſe of pain:
As each invading blaſt devours
The richeſt fruits, the faireſt flowers.

Sages, with irkſome waſte of time,
The ſteep aſcent of knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they ſcale.
Behold contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Aſteria, tell us why
We ſcorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reaſon ſeem ſo fair,
Why learning, then, deſerve our care?

* Lady Luxborough.

Who can unpleas'd your ſhelves behold,
While you ſo fair a proof unfold
What force the brighteſt genius draws
From poliſh'd wiſdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What ſtrange perfection bids us own
That bliſs with toilſome ſcience dwells,
And happieſt he, who moſt excells?

Upon a VISIT to the ſame, in WINTER. 1748.

ON fair Aſteria's bliſsful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we paſs the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd ſpleen away!

No linnet, from the leafleſs bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Aſteria's tongue,
Nor wiſh the linnet's vernal ſong.

No flowers emit their tranſient rays:
Yet ſure Aſteria's wit diſplays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty ſhines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd ſtreams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
Aſteria's preſence wakes the lyre;
And well ſupplies poetic fire.

The

The fields have loſt their lovely dye;
No chearful azure decks the ſky;
Yet ſtill we bleſs the louring day;
Aſteria ſmiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muſe no more preſume,
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuſe his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haſte deplore!

For ſoon, from wit and friendſhip's reign,
The ſocial hearth, the ſprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year,
On ſavage plains, and deſerts drear!

I go—to feed on pleaſures flown,
Nor find the ſpring my loſs atone!
But 'mid the flowery ſweets of May
With pride recal this winter's day.

An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS. 1749.

"—Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus."

TOO long a ſtranger to repoſe,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I roſe,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
I hail'd once more the chearful day,

The ſun's forgotten beams:
O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays,
Reflected from the poliſh'd face
Of yon refulgent ſtreams!

Rais'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
And thus, in feeble ſtrains and flow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flows.

"Come, gentle air! my languid limbs reſtore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore:
For ſure I heard the tender ſighs,
I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapleſs youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love:
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the ſight of theſe etherial ſkies;
Debarr'd the luſtre of their Delia's eyes;
And baniſh'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jaſmine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor ſpare the ſweet-leaft eglantine.
And may'ſt thou ſhun the rugged ſtorm
Till health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleaſure in her train,
To greet me in her faireſt form.
While from this lofty mount I view
The ſons of earth, the vulgar crew,

Anxious for futile gains beneath me ſtray,
And ſeek with erring ſtep contentment's obvious way.
Come, gentle air! and thou, celeſtial Muſe,
Thy genial flame infuſe;
Enough to lend a penſive boſom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy ſhade;
Enough to rear ſuch ruſtic lays
As foes may ſlight, but partial friends will praiſe."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to chear my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or ſcents Sabea's blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the penſive mind,
By preſcripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan:
Oh, how ſhould they relieve?—the Muſes all were flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland ſhades,
I fondly ſought the charming maids;
By woodland ſhades, or flowery plain,
I ſought them, faithleſs maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendſhip lead,
To viſit Luxborough's honour'd bower.
Ah fooliſh man! to ſeek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near leſs verdant ſhades;

Scarce

Scarce have my foot-ſteps preſs'd the favour'd ground,
When ſounds etherial ſtrike my ear;
At once celeſtial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muſes here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careleſs mien,
The ſportive Graces trip the green.

But whilſt I wander'd o'er a ſcene ſo fair,
Too well at one ſurvey I trace,
How every Muſe, and every Grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on India's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on Adria's rocky ſhore,
But, torn methought from native lands or ſeas,
From their arrangement, gain freſh power to pleaſe.

And ſome had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeckt with every ſhrub that blows;
And ſome entwin'd the willing ſprays,
To ſhield th' illuſtrious dame's repoſe:
Others had grac'd the ſprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, 'mid the decorated ſpace,
Aſſign'd the laurel'd buſt a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of ſhow.

And now from every taſk withdrawn,
They met and friſk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, ſaid I;
And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this, with labour ſtrove,
And laviſh'd all my little ſtore
To fence for you my ſhady grove,
And ſcollop every winding ſhore;
And fringe with every purple roſe,
The ſapphire ſtream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unſeen my votive ſhades,
When pale diſeaſe, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a reſtleſs couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted taſks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To ſwell the ſong, or plan the ſhade;
By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while ſhe marks the ſage command,
More lovely ſcenes her ſkill ſhall raiſe,
Her lyre reſound with nobler lays
Than ever you inſpir'd.
Thus I may rage and grief diſplay;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muſe return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

To

To a LADY, with ſome coloured Patterns of Flowers, October 7, 1736.

MADAM!

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artleſs ſeem the lines,
From one unſkill'd in verſe, or in deſigns;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honeſt meaning gilded want of ſenſe.
Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my lay,
To praiſe one fair, another ſhall decay.
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languiſh, when Selinda's near:
A Fate revers'd no ſmiling roſe ſhall know,
Nor with reflected luſtre doubly glow.
Praiſes which languiſh when apply'd to you,
Where flattering ſchemes ſeem obviouſly true,
Yet ſure your ſex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in ſoftneſs, and alike in pride:
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to ſhine,
Both ruſh to danger, and the ſhades decline;
Expos'd, the ſhort-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey:
Chang'd with each wind, nor one ſhort day the ſame,
Each clouded ſky affects their tender frame.
In glaring Chloe's man-like taſte and mien,
Are the groſs ſplendors of the Tulip ſeen:
Diſtant they ſtrike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleaſing charms diſplay.

To

To form the nymph, a vulgar wit muſt join,
As coarſer ſoils will moſt the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the Jaſmine paint,
Too faintly ſoft, too nicely elegant.
Around with ſeeming ſanctity endued,
The Paſſion-flower may beſt expreſs the Prude.
Like the gay Roſe, too rigid Silvia ſhines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins —
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.
Faint theſe productions, till you bid diſcloſe,
The Pink new ſplendors, and freſh tints the Roſe:
And yet condemn not trivial draughts like theſe,
Form'd to improve, and make ev'n trifles pleaſe.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blaſt the moſt aſpiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects ſhine,
The taper ſickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple Violet lives,
And the pale Lily ſprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me ſhall glow inferior far,
And with leſs pleaſing luſtre ſhine the ſtar.
Let ſerious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like theſe beſtow too ſoft a name;
Each gentler art with wiſe indifference view,
And ſcorn one trifle, millions to purſue:
More artful I, their ſpecious ſchemes deride,
Fond to pleaſe you, by you in theſe employ'd;
A nobler taſk, or more ſublime deſire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inſpire:

The

The ſweets of tranquil life and rural eaſe
Amuſe ſecurely, nor leſs juſtly pleaſe.
Where gentle pleaſure ſhews her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or ſparkles in the flower;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the ſtream;
Dawns, with each happier ſtroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, ſmiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia ſtrikes the warbling ſtrings,
Selinda ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noon-day glade;
Some viſionary fair ſhe cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when ſhe 's ſeen like you.
Yet nature ſome for ſprightlier joys deſign'd,
For brighter ſcenes, with nicer care, refin'd.
When the gay jewel radiant ſtreams ſupplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
When dreſs and pomp around the fancy play,
By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away:
When theatres for you the ſcenes forego,
And the box bows, obſequiouſly low:
How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
The moſſy grotto, or the flowery lawn!
Though roſeate ſcents in every wind exhale,
And ſylvan warblers charm in every gale.
Of theſe be her's the choice, whom all approve;
And whom, but thoſe who envy, all muſt love:
By nature model'd, by experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault:

Pleas'd ev'n to hear her ſex's virtues ſhewn,
And blind to none's perfections but her own:
Whilſt, humble fair! of theſe too few ſhe knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repoſe:
From wit's wild petulance ſerenely free,
Yet bleſt in all that nature can decree,
Not like a fire, which, whilſt it burns, alarms;
A modeſt flame, that gently ſhines and warms:
Whoſe mind, in every light, can charms diſplay,
With wiſdom ſerious, and with humour gay;
Juſt as her eyes in each bright poſture warm,
And fiercely ſtrike, or languiſhingly charm:
Such are your honours—mention'd to your coſt,
Thoſe leaſt can hear them, who deſerve them moſt:
Yet ah! forgive—the leſs inventive Muſe,
If e'er ſhe ſing, a copious theme muſt chuſe.

Written in a FLOWER BOOK of my own Colouring, deſigned for Lady PLIMOUTH. 1753-4.

"Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ." HOR.

BRING, Floara, bring thy treaſures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerleſs dame!
But ah! ſince envious winter lours,
And Hewell meads reſign their flowers,
Let art and friendſhip joint eſſay
Diffuſe their flowerets, in her way.

Not

Not nature can herſelf prepare
A worthy wreath for Leſba's hair,
Whoſe temper, like her forehead, ſmooth,
Whoſe thoughts and accents form'd to ſoothe,
Whoſe pleaſing mien, and make refin'd,
Whoſe artleſs breaſt, and poliſh'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deſerv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, ſpent with toil,
Had ſought refreſhment from the ſhade;
And ſtretch'd him on the moſſy ſoil.

A vagrant Muſe drew nigh, and found
The ſubtle traitor faſt aſleep;
And is it thine to ſnore profound,
She ſaid, yet leave the world to weep?

But huſh — from this auſpicious hour,
The world, I ween, may reſt in peace;
And, robb'd of darts, and ſtript of power,
Thy peeviſh petulance decreaſe.

Sleep on, poor child! whilſt I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Caſtalian fount ſhe ſaw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cauſe you ſoon to curſe the day
You dar'd the ſhafts of love invade;
And gave his arms redoubled ſway.

For in a ſtream ſo wonderous clear,
When angry Cupid ſearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive ſpoils be found?

Too ſoon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the Muſe's myſtic ſpring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
And taught at once to love and ſing.

Then farewel, ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to ſwell the lyre;
And echo aſks no ſweeter ſong.

ODE. Written 1739.

"Urit ſpes animi credula mutui." HOR.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
That love uſurp'd his airy throne,
His boaſted power diſplay'd:
'Tis kindneſs that ſecures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty firſt convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the roſe's hue

Have all its ſweets combin'd;
Yet vain the bluſh, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes conſpire
To prove the charmer kind—

Though wit might gild the tempting ſnare,
With ſofteſt accent, ſweeteſt air,
By envy's ſelf admir'd;
If Leſbia's wit betray'd her ſcorn,
In vain might every Grace adorn
What every Muſe inſpir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He ſcorn'd the pangs of wild deſire,
Which love-ſick ſwains endure:
Reſolv'd to brave the keeneſt dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart;
And ſmiles—muſt ever cure.

But ah! how falſe theſe maxims prove,
How frail ſecurity from love,
Experience hourly ſhows!
Love can imagin'd ſmiles ſupply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal ſweets beſtows.

In vain we truſt the fair-one's eyes;
In vain the ſage explores the ſkies,
To learn from ſtars his fate:
Till, led by fancy wide aſtray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wiſe—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the lifts of love,
With towering hopes ſupply'd:
See heroes, taught by doubtful ſhrines,
Miſtook their deity's deſigns;
Then took the field—and dy'd.

THE DYING KID.

"Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
"Prima fugit——" VIRG.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring, and flowery mead,
Muſt, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way,
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem all raviſh'd at the ſight.

She tells, with what delight he ſtood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then ſkip'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager ſpeed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear, devour'd the ſound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deſerves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs æra flies?
While violence and craft ſucceed;
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah ſoon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more thoſe bowers might Strephon ſee,
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more thoſe beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom, now ſo void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but inſipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join thy tendereſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies!

SONGS,

Written chiefly between the Year 1737 and 1742.

SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While faultering accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere,

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold:
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Diſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love ſincere.

SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Ere while I paſs'd the day!
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers ſo gay?

How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landſkip round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I ſpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.

No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee:
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every Britiſh mind;
Be ſure ye ſoothe their amorous flames,
Be ſure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting ſighs away:
To mourn the night's oppreſſive gloom,
And faintly bleſs the riſing day.

And

And cruel 'twere a free-born ſwain,
A Britiſh youth, ſhould vainly moan;
Who, ſcornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed ſpear, nor links of ſteel,
Could e'er thoſe gallant minds ſubdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleaſure feel,
And boaſt the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her, the ſounds that ſoothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

SONG V.

" Ah! ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
" Optarem, quam te ſic quoque velle putem."

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial ſpring in vain!
A ſickly languor veils mine eyes,
And faſt my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That ſmile on other, ſmile on me;
Mine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe,
Nor ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

What bliſs to me can ſeaſons bring?
Or what the needleſs pride of ſpring?
The cypreſs bough, that ſuits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine ſo freſh and fair
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield;
So white a flock, ſo green a field!

My friends, that each in kindneſs vie,
Might well expect one parting ſigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unſincere?

But ere I aſk once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his race renew,
Inform me, ſwains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG

SONG VI.

The Attribute of VENUS.

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and ſhape and air:
But ſtill, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the ſmile upon her face.

The crown majeſtic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the creſcent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But ſmiles diſtinguiſh'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of ſmiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentleſt doves!
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then ſmile, my fair; and all whoſe aim
Aſpires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living ſtone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia ſmiles again;
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can ſhe forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we ſee the tempeſt lower;
Anon the radiant heaven ſurvey,
And quite forget the flitting ſhower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burniſh'd by the tranſient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils ſpread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The ſprightly birds, that droop'd no leſs
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, expreſs
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien;
Averſe to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty ſtrikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſclaiming art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The ſcene improves, where'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmile the pink and roſe.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy ſhepherd inſincere;

Pity

Pity a wild illuſive flame,
That varies objects ſtill the ſame:
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743. VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS ſaid that under diſtant ſkies,
Nor you the fact deny;
What firſt attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a roſe,
That ſhares the morning's ray,
May to the waking ſwain diſcloſe
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the ſovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmaſt bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artleſs linnet ſings.

The ſwain ſurveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns, upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends.

Vain

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
To tempt a votary's prayer!—
How would his humble homage tower,
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his laſting choice,
Nor dare, nor wiſh to change.

SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wonderous near,
That, from theſe fountains, bear my dear;
A little ſpace is given; in vain:
She robs my ſight, and ſhuns the plain.

A little ſpace, for me to prove
My boundleſs flame, my endleſs love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that ſpace devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eaſtern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aſide.

The chief that knows of ſuccours nigh,
And ſees his mangled legions die,
Caſts not a more impatient glance,
To ſee the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the ſchool-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires

To

To ſee ſome friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's laſt embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair encloſe!
Oh! better hadſt thou ſhun'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unſeen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my ſighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, ſaid I,
That melts my ſoul when Flavia 's nigh;
Where wit and ſenſe like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her poliſh'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wiſh the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averſe to bear
The ſervile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts diſpel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit ſo brightly ſhine
In any form leſs fair than thine?
It is—it is love's ſubtle fire,
And under friendſhip lurks deſire.

SONG

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight
No palace please mine eye:
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance;
Could I the pageant see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII. The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue;
But

But if once a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I ſhould wiſh, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd,
Alluſive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I purſue,
I ſtill muſt my Delia's dear image renew:
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muſes are all in alliance with Love.

SONG XIV. The Rose-Bud.

SEE, Daphne, ſee, Florelio cry'd,
And learn the ſad effects of pride;
Yon ſhelter'd roſe, how ſafe conceal'd!
How quickly blaſted, when reveal'd!

The ſun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale ſucceeds from Eaſtern ſkies,
And all its bluſhing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to ſhine
Where fame's tranſporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more ſecure.

The breath of ſome neglected maid
Shall make you ſigh you left the ſhade:
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the roſe, an Eaſtern wind.

The

The nymph reply'd—You firſt, my ſwain,
Confine your ſonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike diſarms,
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.
What is, unknown, the poet's ſkill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the roſe's bluſh, unſeen?

SONG XV. WINTER. 1746.

NO more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
Of all that chear'd the plain,
Echo alone preſerves her voice,
And ſhe—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-ſick limbs I lay,
To ſhun the ruſtling wind,
Its buſy murmurs ſeems to ſay,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine;
And each in ſullen ſilence mourns
Her freedom loſt, like mine!

Soon will the ſun's returning rays
The chearleſs froſt controul;
When will relenting Delia chaſe
The winter of my ſoul?

SONG XVI. DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay ſalute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footſteps riſe;
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes;
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee:
On what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreſhment find.

Ye ſtreams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſoothe my fair!
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my deſpair.

And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds,
May Daphne praiſe thy peaceful gloom!
Or thou ſhalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG XVII. Written a in Collection of BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Not yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee through yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove;
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

SONG XVIII.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien;
Averſe to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day;
Methinks to my enchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſdaining art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft, engaging air:
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay:
The ſcene improves where'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmiles the pink and roſe.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon infincere.
Pity my wild deluſive flame:
For though the flowers are ſtill the ſame,
To me they languiſh, or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

SONG XIX. Imitated from the French.

YES, theſe are the ſcenes where with Iris I ſtray'd
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyſter ſhe run;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love!

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs, and the plains;
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be ſtill though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of love is no more.

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bowers,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flowers!
Then breathleſs with ardor my fair-one purſued,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe view'd!
But be ſtill, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er!
Fain would'ſt thou forget thou muſt love her no more.

A PARODY.

WHEN firſt, Philander, firſt I came
Where Avon rolls his winding ſtream,
The nymphs—how briſk! the ſwains—how gay!
To ſee Aſteria, Queen of May!—
The parſons round, her praiſes ſung!
The ſteeples, with her praiſes rung!—
I thought—no ſight, that e'er was ſeen,
Could match the ſight of Barel's-green!—

But now, ſince old Eugenio dy'd—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aſpire
To raiſe their voice, to tune their lyre!
Their lovely ſeaſon, now, is o'er!
Thy notes, Florelio, pleaſe no more!
No more Aſteria's ſmiles are ſeen!—
Adieu!—the ſweets of Barel's-green!

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
Does yonder halcyon ſpeed ſo faſt?
'Tis all becauſe ſhe would not loſe
Her favourite calm that will not laſt.

The ſun with azure paints the ſkies,
The ſtream reflects each flowery ſpray;
And frugal of her time ſhe flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in ſome rocky cell remain;
To ſeek for pleaſure, well ſhe knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Deſcend, ſhe cries, thou hated ſhower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have choſe a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Silvia, ſure will own
Life's azure ſeaſons ſwiftly roll:
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but ſhocks the ſoul.

Could Damon but deſerve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon ſkims the ſtream.

O D E.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That ſeaſons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every Muſe,
When every Grace benignant ſmil'd,
With all a parent's breaſt could chuſe
To bleſs her lov'd, her only child:

'Tis thine, ſo richly grac'd to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in ſearch of truth,
O'er learned ſage, or bard ſublime;
And well thy cultur'd breaſt I know,
What wonderous treaſure it can ſhow.

Come then, reſume thy charming lyre,
And ſing ſome patriot's worth ſublime,
Whilſt I in fields of ſoft deſire
Conſume my fair and fruitleſs prime;
Whoſe reed aſpires but to diſplay
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily ſoothe thy ſtudious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame ſits liſtening for thy lays
To ſwell her trump with Lucio's praiſe.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the ſportſmen from her neſt,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly ſhews her tortur'd breaſt:
O let him, conſcious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to ſpare.

A PAS-

A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Honourable Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON.

THE morn diſpens'd a dubious light,
A ſullen miſt had ſtol'n from ſight
Each pleaſing vale and hill;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Though ſchool'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The ſwain beneath each lowering ſky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;
That he in ſylvan ſhades, forlorn!
Muſt waſte his chearleſs ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obſtreperous noiſe,
Yet to the whiſpers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleaſures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depreſs'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beſide,
Where coots in ruſhy dingles hide,
And moorcocks ſhun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undiſmay'd,
Remark the ſwain's familiar ſhade,
And ſcorn to quit their prey.

But ſee, the radiant ſun once more
The brightening face of heaven reſtore,
And raiſe the doubtful dawn;
And, more to gild his rural ſphere,
At once the brighteſt train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the ſhepherd's frame,
To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his ruſtic cell;
That ſhe, on all whoſe motions wait
Diſtinction, titles, rank, and ſtate,
Should rove where ſhepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour ſway'd, by taſte refin'd,
Will nought but vice diſdain;
Nor will the breaſt where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed, that blows
Amid the deſart plain.

Beſeems it ſuch, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At moſt ſuch garlands from the field,
As cowſlips, pinks, and panſies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet ſtrive, ye ſhepherds, ſtrive to find,
And weave the faireſt of the kind,

The

* The Ducheſs, married to Sir R. Lyttelton.

The prime of all the ſpring;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conſcious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien;
How did the ſprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the ſong,
'Mid hazel copſes green;

Lo, Dartmouth on thoſe banks reclin'd,
While buſy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder ſhed,
As through enchantment, ſhine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph deſcend to ſtray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Elſe, by the blooming features fair,
The faultleſs make, the matchleſs air,
'Twere Cynthia's form compleat.

So would ſome tuberoſe delight,
That ſtruck the pilgrim's wondering ſight
'Mid lonely deſarts drear;
All as at eve, the ſovereign flower
Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah,

Ah, now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Muſt I ambition's charms deride,
Her ſubtle force diſown;
No more of fawns or fairies dream;
While fancy, near each cryſtal ſtream,
Shall paint theſe forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,
I deem'd that ſplendour ne'er ſhould lead
My dazzled eyes aſtray;
But who alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illuſtrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive ſwain!
Since Guernſey ſaw without diſdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praiſe,
Had ſtol'n through life unſeen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To ſmile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to diſcloſe
How fair that courteſy which flows
From ſocial warmth ſincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio ſought this lonely ſhade,
Admir'd this rural maze:

The

* They were ſchool-fellows.

The nobleſt breaſt that virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muſe inſpires,
Might pant for Pollio's praiſe.

Say Thomſon here was known to reſt,
For him yon vernal ſeat I dreſt,
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit, and melting ſtrains,
And ſocial mirth, it now remains
To weep beſide his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy ſhore
With roſes and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuſe,
That envy'd his impartial Muſe
To ſing your early praiſe.

While Philo, to whoſe favour'd ſight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmoſt wealth diſplays;
Beneath yon ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muſe, and with his friend recal!
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too ſhall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the ſtream ſo lovely clear,
That ſhone the reeds among;
Yet clearneſs could it not diſcloſe,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's poliſh'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whoſe fervent periods roll
Reſiſtleſs! through the kindling ſoul
Of ſenates, councils, kings!
Though form'd for courts, vouchſaf'd to rove
Inglorious, through the ſhepherd's grove,
And ope his baſhful ſprings.

But what can courts diſcover more,
Then theſe rude haunts have ſeen before,
Each fount and ſhady tree?
Have not theſe trees and fountains ſeen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerleſs Ayleſbury?

And Grenville, ſhe whoſe radiant eyes
Have mark'd by ſlow gradation riſe
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd theſe unembelliſh'd woods,
And ſmil'd to ſee the babbling floods
Through ſelf-worn mazes flow.

Say Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the penſive ſhade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the ſprightlineſs of youth,
By cool reflection ſway'd?

Brave, yet humane, ſhall Smith appear,
Ye ſailors, though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other ſpheres to charm,
The ſhepherds' breaſts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttelton! my honour'd guest,
Could I deſcribe thy generous breaſt,
Thy firm, yet poliſh'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conſpires with fame;
The ſong ſhould pleaſe mankind.

VERSES written towards the Cloſe of the Year 1748, to WILLIAM LYTTELTON, Eſq;

HOW blithely paſs'd the ſummer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To viſit Damon's bower!

But now, with ſilent ſtep, I range
Along ſome lonely ſhore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In queſt of joy they ſteer;
Whilſt I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O penſive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy ſorrowing face to ſee!
When languid ſuns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying ſcene ſurvey!
Haſte, Winter, haſte; uſurp the ſky;
Compleat my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley caſt
Yon ſickening leaves retain;
That ſpeak at once of pleaſure paſt,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbleſt, I gaze around,
My diſtant ſcenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and ſpire.

Though Thomſon, ſweet deſcriptive bard!
Inſpiring Autumn ſung;
Yet how ſhould we the months regard,
That ſtopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckleſs months, of all the reſt,
To whoſe hard ſhare it fell!
For ſure he was the gentleſt breaſt
That ever ſung ſo well.

And ſee, the ſwallows now diſown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad ſome happier ſhore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The ſportſman's frantic deed;
While hounds and horns and yells unite
To drown the Muſe's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,
Ye ſkies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
To bear theſe frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unſullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where ſweet friendſhip's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine diſcloſe her dyes,
And boaſt her purple ſtore;
Not all the vineyard's rich ſupplies
Can ſoothe our ſorrows more.

He! he is gone, whoſe moral ſtrain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whoſe ſocial vein
Surpaſs'd the power of wine.

Faſt by the ſtreams he deign'd to praiſe,
In yon ſequeſter'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raiſe;
To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend! forlorn and ſad,
I grave your Thomſon's name;
And there, his lyre; which fate forbad
To ſound your growing fame.

There ſhall my plaintive ſong recount
Dark themes of hopeleſs woe;
And faſter than the dropping fount,
I 'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in ſpite of Autumn green,
Shall ſhade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be ſeen,
To call forth flowers around.

But no kind ſuns will bid me ſhare,
Once more, his ſocial hour;
Ah Spring! thou never canſt repair
This loſs, to Damon's bower.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

Written at Oxford, when young.

SHALL Love alone for ever claim
An univerſal right to fame,
An undiſputed ſway?
Or has not Muſic equal charms,
To fill the breaſt with ſtrange alarms,
And make the world obey?

The Thracian Bard, as Poets tell,
Could mitigate the Powers of hell;
Ev'n Pluto's nicer ear:
His arts, no more than Love's, we find
To deities or men confin'd,
Drew brutes in crouds to hear.

Whatever favourite paſſion reign'd,
The Poet ſtill his right maintain'd
O'er all that rang'd the plain:
The fiercer tyrants could aſſwage,
Or fire the timorous into rage,
Whene'er he chang'd the ſtrain.

In milder lays the Bard began;
Soft notes through every finger ran,

And

And echoing charm'd the place:
See! fawning lions gaze around,
And, taught to quit their ſavage ſound,
Aſſume a gentler grace.

When Cymon view'd the fair-one's charms,
Her ruby lips, and ſnowy arms,
And told her beauties o'er:
When love reform'd his awkward tone,
And made each clowniſh geſture known,
It ſhew'd but equal power.

The Bard now tries a ſprightlier ſound,
When all the feather'd race around
Perceive the varied ſtrains;
The ſoaring lark the note purſues;
The timorous dove around him cooes,
And Philomel complains.

An equal power of Love I 've ſeen
Incite the deer to ſcour the green,
And chace his barking foe.
Sometimes has Love, with greater might,
To challenge—nay—ſometimes—to fight
Provok'd th' enamour'd beau.

When Silvia treads the ſmiling plain,
How glows the heart of every ſwain,
By pleaſing tumults toſt!
When Handel's ſolemn accents roll,
Each breaſt is fir'd, each raptur'd ſoul
In ſweet confuſion loſt.

If ſhe her melting glances dart,
Or he his dying airs impart,

Our ſpirits ſink away.
Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
And thou, great artiſt! urge no more
Thy unreſiſted ſway.

Thus love or ſound affects the mind:
But when their various powers are join'd,
Fly, daring mortal, fly!
For when Selinda's charms appear,
And I her tuneful accents hear—
I burn, I faint, I die!

COMPARISON.

'TIS by compariſon we know
On every object to beſtow
Its proper ſhare of praiſe:
Did each a like perfection bear,
What beauty, though divinely fair,
Could admiration raiſe?

Amidſt the lucid bands of night,
See! Heſperus, ſerenely bright,
Adorns the diſtant ſkies:
But languiſhes amidſt the blaze
Of ſprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
Or Silvia's brighter eyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
I like the melancholy ſtrains,
And praiſe the tuneful bird:
But vainly might ſhe ſtrain her throat,
Vainly exalt each ſwelling note,
Should Silvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
Supine I reſt my weary head,
The fragrant pillow charms:
Yet ſoon ſuch languid bliſs I 'd fly,
Would Silvia but the loſs ſupply,
And take me to her arms.

The alabaſter's wonderous white,
The marble's poliſh ſtrikes my ſight,
When Silvia is not ſeen:
But ah! how faint that white is grown,
How rough appears the poliſh'd ſtone,
Compar'd with Silvia's mien!

The roſe, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
With flowers enamel'd, blooming reigns,
With undiſputed power,
Plac'd near her cheek's celeſtial red,
(Its purple loſt, its luſtre fled,)
Delights the ſenſe no more.

ODE TO CYNTHIA,
On the approach of SPRING.

NOW in the cowſlip's dewy cell
The fairies make their bed,
They hover round the cryſtal well,
The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her ſong
Tunes ſweeteſt in the wood;
The twittering ſwallow ſkims along
The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiſs
In fragrance to the ſenſe;
The happy ſhepherd feels the bliſs,
And ſhe takes no offence.

But not the linnet's ſweeteſt ſong
That ever fill'd the wood;
Or twittering ſwallow that along
The azure liquid flood

Skims ſwiftly, harbinger of ſpring,
Or morning's ſweeteſt breath,
Or Flora's kiſs, to me can bring
A remedy for death.

For death—what do I ſay? Yes, death
Muſt ſurely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia ſlights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.

No more with feſtive garlands bound,
I at the wake ſhall be;
No more my feet ſhall preſs the ground
In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I 'll keep,
To ſome dark cave I 'll fly;
I 've nothing now to do but weep,
To mourn my fate, and ſigh.

Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
Are heard at dead of night;
But they, alas! are doom'd to riſe
Like ſmoke upon the ſight.

They

They riſe in vain, ah me! in vain
Are ſcatter'd in the wind;
Cynthia does not know the pain
That rankles in my mind.

If ſleep perhaps my eye-lids cloſe,
'Tis but to dream of you;
A while I ceaſe to feel my woes,
Nay, think I 'm happy too.

I think I preſs with kiſſes pure,
Your lovely roſy lips;
And you 're my bride, I think I 'm ſure,
Till gold the mountain tips.

When wak'd, aghaſt I look around,
And find my charmer flown;
Then bleeds afreſh my galling wound,
While I am left alone.

Take pity then, O gentleſt maid!
On thy poor Damon's heart:
Remember what I 've often ſaid,
'Tis you can cure my ſmart.

JEMMY DAWSON. A BALLAD; Written about the Time of his Execution, in the Year 1745.

COME liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid,
Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at every woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawſon was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, ſhe lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damſel came;
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on party's hateful ſtrife,
That led the favour'd youth aſtray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours and their ſaſh he wore,
And in the fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's ſentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So pale, or yet ſo chill appear.

With faultering voice, ſhe weeping ſaid,
Oh Dawſon, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a prayer for thee,
My orizons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But though he ſhould be dragg'd in ſcorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He ſhall not want one conſtant friend
To ſhare the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible beheſts of law;
And the laſt ſcene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and ſtedfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

Diſtorted was that blooming face,
Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long;
And ſtifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung.

And ſever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breaſt,
On which her love-ſick head repos'd:

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid thoſe unrelenting flames,
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
Yet, yet, ſhe cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can ſhew
The pure, the laſting love I bore;
Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, ſighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my Kitty ſheds, is due;
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale
So ſad, ſo tender, yet ſo true.

A Paſtoral BALLAD, in Four Parts. 1743.

"Arbuſta humileſque myricæ." VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow

Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewel.

Since Phillis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain;
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The Pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
O how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.

For

For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is every way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis, he whiſpers, more fair,
More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a ſhower?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpight,
And the wood-bines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The

The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure;
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.

Beware

Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flower, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

LEVI-

LEVITIES;

OR

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT and PHIL;

A Deciſion for the LADIES.

A Wit, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profeſs'd an equal love;
Yet hop'd, by different means to move
Her judgment, or her ſenſes.

Young ſprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the beſt minutes to be ſeen;
Went—when his glaſs adviſ'd him:
While meagre Phil of books enquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Silvia had wit, had ſpirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suſpended held the ſcales:
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its ſhare,
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS to the Memory of an agreeable LADY, buried in Marriage to a Perſon undeſerving her.

'TWAS always held, and ever will,
By ſage mankind, diſcreeter,
T' anticipate a leſſer ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diſeaſes, pain,
And languiſhing conditions;
Who don't the leſſer ills ſuſtain
Of phyſic and—phyſicians?

Rather than loſe his whole eſtate,
He that but little wiſe is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and exciſes.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For loſt ſhips not requiting:
This bears our noble king, to ſhun
The loſs of blood—in fighting!

With numerous ills, in ſingle life,
The bachelor's attended:
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the caſe is mended!

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
Fore-ſeeing future woe,
Choſe to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

COLE-

COLEMIRA.

A Culinary Eclogue.

"Nec tantum Veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ."

NIGHT'S ſable clouds had half the globe o'erſpread,
And ſilence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
When love, which gentle ſleep can ne'er inſpire,
Had ſeated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Penſive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compaſſionate his caſe,
And purr around, and gently lick his face:

To all his plaints the ſleeping curs reply,
And with hoarſe ſnorings imitate a ſigh.
Such gloomy ſcenes with lovers' minds agree,
And ſolitude to them is beſt ſociety.

Could I (he cry'd) expreſs, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-waſh'd face;
Thou wouldſt, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or waſh thy face no more.

Ah! who can ſee, and ſeeing not admire,
Whene'er ſhe ſets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands out-ſhine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots ſhe brings.

But ſure no chamber-damſel can compare,
When in meridian luſtre ſhines my fair,

When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the ſweat diſtills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently deſire,
To view thoſe roſy fingers ſtrike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I ſee them thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I ſhould not envy George his queen,
Though ſhe in royal grandeur deck'd be ſeen:
Whilſt rags, juſt ſever'd from my fair-one's gown,
In ruſſet pomp and greaſy pride hang down.

Ah! now it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell;
Would that but ſing, "I like thee paſſing well!"

When from the heart ſhe bade the pointers go,
How ſoft! how eaſy did her accents flow!
"Get out, ſhe cry'd, when ſtrangers come to ſup,
"One ne'er can raiſe thoſe ſnoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, ſhe kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that ſalute:
'Twas ſure miſplac'd,—Shock ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If ſhe the myſtic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O may'ſt thou ne'er by Eolus be ſeen,
For he wou'd ſure demand thee for his queen.

But

But ſhould the flame this rougher aid refuſe,
And only gentler med'cines be of uſe;
With full-blown cheeks ſhe ends the doubtful ſtrife,
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as theſe, exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breaſt a fiercer flame inſpire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er;
And ſwell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've ſeen,
When this proud damſel has more humble been,
When with nice airs ſhe hoiſt the pan-cake round,
And dropt it, hapleſs fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks!
The artful charmer rubs the candleſticks!
So bright ſhe makes the candleſticks ſhe handles,
Oft have I ſaid,—there were no need of candles.

But thou my fair! who never wouldſt approve,
Or hear the tender ſtory of my love;
Or mind, how burns my raging breaſt,—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breaſt of mutton.

Thus ſaid, and wept the ſad deſponding ſwain,
Revealing to the ſable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with thoſe they ſhould deny;
To thoſe, they love, more exquiſitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raiſe their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid ſtreams ariſe,
And ſmoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

The RAPE of the TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

'TWAS in a land of learning,
The muſes favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college ſtudy,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More ſenſe in an hour,
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin leſs refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taſte,
All other rats ſurpaſs'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir;

His breakfaſt, half the morning,
He conſtantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening ſong,
His dinner ſcarce was ended!

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;

And

And wou'd make no more
Of king Arthur's *, by the ſcore,
  Than all the world beſide does.

In books of geo-graphy,
  He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a ſea
Was to him a diſh of tea;
  And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if ſome mawkiſh potion
  Might chance to over-doſe him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
  Of logic—to compoſe him—

A trap, in haſte and anger,
  Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
And, ſuch was the gin,
Where a lion once got in,
  He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheeſe, not books, 'twas baited,
  The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether ſcholar or rat
  Mind books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
  Why ſhould I ſing, or either?

* By Blackmore.

Since the rat, who knew the ſlight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd them away together:
Both trap and bait were vaniſh'd,
Through a fracture in the flooring;
Which, though ſo trim
It now may ſeem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.
Then anſwer this, ye ſages!
Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did ſeize on
The trap, leſs claim to reaſon,
Than many a ſcull among ye?
Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.
That England 's topſy-turvy,
Is clear from theſe miſhaps, Sir;
Since traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin * take our traps, Sir.
Let ſophs, by rats infeſted,
Then truſt in cats to catch 'em;

Left

* Written at the time of the Spaniſh depredations.

Leſt they grow as learn'd as we,
In our ſtudies; where, d' ye ſee,
No mortal ſits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sirs
And grant that the one
May quell the Spaniſh Don,
And the other deſtroy our rats, Sir.

On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneleſs are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian ſwain that ſings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr. C—— of KIDDERMINSTER's Poetry.

THY verſes, friend, are Kidderminſter * ſtuff,
And I muſt own you've meaſur'd out enough.

To the VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL, curious wights! to whom ſo fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem thoſe grubs beyond compare,
Which common ſenſe deſpiſes.

Whether

* Famous for a coarſe woollen manufacture.

Whether o'er hill, moraſs, or mound,
You make your ſportſman fallies;
Or that your prey in gardens found
Is urg'd through walks and alleys.

Yet, in the fury of the chace,
No ſlope could e'er retard you;
Bleſt if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
Purſued the glittering ſtranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you diſpenſe the favourite meat
To nature's filmy people;
Know what conſerves they chuſe to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of inſects dies,
You ſage aſſiſtance lend her;
Can ſtoop to pimp for amorous flies,
And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
And when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obſtetric power,
Prevent a mothleſs land.

Yet oh! howe'er your towering view
Above groſs objects riſes,
Whate'er refinements you purſue,
Hear, what a friend adviſes: A friend,

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, muſt prize
Domitian's idle paſſion;
That wrought the death of teazing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To ſlight dame nature's faireſt form
And ſigh for nature's vermin.

And ſpeak with ſome reſpect of beaux,
Nor more as triflers treat 'em:
'Tis better learn to ſave one's cloaths,
Than cheriſh moths, that eat 'em.

The EXTENT of COOKERY.

"Aliuſque et idem."

WHEN Tom to Cambridge firſt was ſent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His reſolution flag;
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the houſe,
And ſoon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags, give place!
Full bottoms come inſtead!
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing—a calve's head!

The PROGRESS of ADVICE.

A Common CASE.

"Suade, nam certum eſt."

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and ſeem'd half afraid)
"I am thinking to marry thy miſtreſs's maid:
Now, becauſe Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do 't if thou bidſt me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jeſt on't; 'tis no jeſt to me;
For 'faith I'm in earneſt, ſo pr'ythee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl ſince I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice, ere I tye myſelf to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "To ſpeak my opinion.
There is not ſuch a bitch in king George's dominion,
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'ſt her as I do,
Thou wouldſt chuſe out a whipping-poſt, firſt to be ty'd to.

She's peeviſh, ſhe's thieviſh, ſhe's ugly, ſhe's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a ſlut, and a ſcold."
Next day Richard haſten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had ſaid.

A BAL-

A BALLAD.

" Trahit ſua quemque voluptas."

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young ſquire,
To bring down a wife, whom the ſwains might admire:
But, in ſpite of whatever the mortal could ſay,
The goddeſs objected the length of the way!

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the ſtag's horns in an old country-hall;
To have neither China nor India to ſee!
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not ſhe!

To forſake the dear play-houſe, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his loneſome abode,
O heavens! ſhe ſhould faint, ſhe ſhould die on the road;

To forego the gay faſhions and geſtures of France,
And leave dear Auguſte in the midſt of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And ſhe wonder'd how folks had the face to deſire it.

She might yield to reſign the ſweet-ſingers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron ſeduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh ſoon would her footſteps recall,
And the muſic, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be ſure ſhe could breathe no where elſe but in town,
Thus ſhe talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the white honeſt Harry deſpair'd to ſucceed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLEN-

SLENDER's Ghoſt. Vide SHAKESPEAR.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve methought I ſpy'd
Poor Slender's ghoſt, that whimpering cryed,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Why ſhould ſuch labour'd ſtrains
Your formal Muſe engage?
I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt or pierc'd my heart,
But ſigh'd, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you! whoſe love-ſick minds
No med'cine can aſſuage!
Accuſe the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

And ye! whoſe ſouls are held,
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend and imitate my ſtrains!
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you who boaſt or grieve,
What horrid wars we wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I ſigh,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of ſhepherd or of ſage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
Expreſſes all you have to ſay,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er ſolicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'ſt allow
My ſuppliant wiſh, that aſks it now.
Yet think not! goddeſs! I require it
For the ſame end your clowns deſire it.
In a well-made effectual ſtring,
Fain would I ſee Lividio ſwing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But ſuch a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddeſs! ſtore of pelf,
And he will tye the knot himſelf.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

" Servum ſi potes, Ole, non habere,
" Et regem potes, Ole, non habere." MART.

I Aſk'd a friend amidſt the throng,
Whoſe coach it was that trail'd along:
" The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That with the footmen ſtuck behind."
O Sir! ſays he, what! han't you ſeen it?
'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon! — " True;
But faith his equipage is new."
" Bleſs me, ſaid I, where can it end?
What madneſs has poſſeſs'd my friend?
Four powder'd ſlaves, and thoſe the talleſt,
Their ſtomachs doubtleſs not the ſmalleſt!
Can Damon's revenue maintain
In lace and food, ſo large a train?
I know his land—each inch of ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole eſtate can bear
To keep his lad and one-horſe chair,
I own 'tis paſt my comprehenſion."
Yes, Sir, but Damon has a penſion—

Thus does falſe ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himſelf the worſt of ſlaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant taſk is done,
Confeſs, through all the Globe, 'twould poſe him,
To match the charms that Celia ſhews him.

And ſhould he boaſt he once had ſeen
As juſt a form, as bright a mein,
Yet muſt it ſtill for ever poſe him,
To match—what Celia never ſhews him.

INSCRIPTION,

To the memory
Of A. L. Eſquire,
Juſtice of the peace for this county;
Who, in the whole courſe of his pilgrimage
Through a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithſtanding the ſcoffs of ill-diſpoſed perſons,
And wits of the age,
That ridiculed his behaviour,
Or cenſured his breeding;

Following the dictates of nature,
Desiring to ease the afflicted,
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noise, or report such things generally cause
in the world,
(As he was seen to perform them of none)
But the sole relief and happiness,
Of the party in distress;
Himself resting easy,
When he could render that so;
Not griping, or pinching himself,
To hoard up superfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his possession
What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;
But charitably diffusing it
To all round about him:
Making the most sorrowful countenance
To smile,
In his presence;
Always bestowing more than he was asked,
Always imparting before he was desired;
Not proceeding in this manner,
Upon every trivial suggestion,
But the most mature, and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence and undauntedness
of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and œconomy
of face;

Biddir-

Bidding loud defiance
To politeneſs and the faſhion,
Dared let a f—t.

To a FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er ſeen, my gentle ſquire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a ſpade,
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play ſomething—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to paſs the time away—
Phoo—how ſhe ſtands—biting her nails—
As though ſhe play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It 's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miſs'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er ſtudying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verſe is but a game at loo.
While many a bard, that ſhews ſo clearly
He writes for his amuſement merely,
Is known to ſtudy, fret, and toil;
And play for nothing, all the while:
Or praiſe at moſt; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er ſignify'd a farthing more:

Till, having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He ſees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant ſcenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves:
Where with ſtrange heats his boſom glows,
And myſtic flames the God beſtows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verſes—to defy the ſcorners,
In ſhit-houſes and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid ſchemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When ſhe had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, ſtill the ſame—
For Sal has loſt another game.

"I've done; (ſhe mutter'd) I was ſaying,
It did not argufy my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot chuſe,
But think or not think—ſome muſt loſe.
I may have won a game or ſo—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and ſee,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.

'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll ſuffer for it, when he 's marry'd."

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned ſat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your ſucceſs,
And bent to write and ſtudy leſs,
Sate down, and ſcribbled in a trice,
Juſt what you ſee—and you deſpiſe.

You, who can frame a tuneful ſong,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a ſprig of bay;
Accept this verſe, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in proſe.

What is this wreath, ſo green! ſo fair!
Which many wiſh, and few muſt wear?
Which ſome men's indolence can gain,
And ſome men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what muſt Sal or poet ſue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verſe, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through ſkill, ſecures the game.

The POET and the DUN. 1741.

" Theſe are meſſengers
" That feelingly perſuade me what I am." SHAKESP.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—
" I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and more—
I'm ſorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—
But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."
My friend have but patience—" Ay theſe are your ways."
I have got but one ſhilling to ſerve me two days—
But Sir—pr'ythee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my paſſion,
And calmly conſider—conſider? vexation!
What whore that muſt paint, and muſt put on falſe locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now ſtarv'd, and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himſelf ſhall be eaten!
What porter, what turnſpit, can deem his caſe hard!
Or what dun boaſt of patience that thinks of a bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn ſhoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and reſpect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun ſome poor dog of a poet myſelf.
One's credit, however, of courſe will grow better;
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

" Dear Sir! I receiv'd your obliging epiſtle,
Your fame is ſecure—bid the critics go whiſtle.

I re-

I read over with wonder the poem you ſent me;
And I muſt ſpeak your praiſes, no ſoul ſhall prevent me.
The audience, believe me, cry'd out every line
Was ſtrong, was affecting, was juſt, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
And to hide ſuch a genius was—far from your duty.
I foreſee that the court will be hugely delighted:
Sir Richard, for much a leſs genius, was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye;
I could ſay much more, but you're modeſt, I ſpare ye."
Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waſte that, and health, and my time, and my taper:
I ſcribble till morn, when, with wrath no ſmall ſtore,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make ſuch a pother,
Fate, fate has ordain'd us, to plague one another."

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

TO thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in manſions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundleſs power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falehood's ſpecious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuſe my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in ſtore;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his ſtages may have been,
May ſigh to think he ſtill has found
The warmeſt welcome, at an inn.

A SIMILE.

WHAT village but has ſometime ſeen
The clumſy ſhape, the frightful mein,
Tremendous claws, and ſhagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclept a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you ſee;
Who, with her plaſtic tongue alone,
Produc'd a viſage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in myſtic faſhion,
The powerful force of education * —
Perhaps yon crowd of ſwains is viewing
E'en now, the ſtrange exploits of Bruin;

Who

* Of a fond matron's education.

Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an aukward lad,
Whoſe birth has made a pariſh glad,
Forbid, for fear of ſenſe, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In ſenſe the ſame, in ſtature higher,
He ſhines, ere long, a rural ſquire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and ſwears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly ſtares:
His tenants of ſuperior ſenſe
Carouze, and laugh, at his expence;
And deem the paſtime I 'm relating,
To be as pleaſant, as bear-baiting.

The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"SIR, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.
—"Upon mine honour, I 'll not ſtir—"
Sir, I 'm at home, conſider, Sir—
"Excuſe me, Sir, I 'll not go firſt."
Well, if I muſt be rude, I muſt—
But yet I wiſh I could evade it—
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh, be perſuaded—

Go

Go forward, cits! go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each, what each admires.
Life ſquares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you diſplay your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches.
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at leaſt, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But death's at hand—let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends! or he 'll ſurprize ye.
Beſides, how inſincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lye, forſwear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?
Such is my theme, which means to prove,
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is moſt in faſhion,
Precedence is our ruling paſſion.
When college-ſtudents take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endleſs fees,
What moves that ſcientific body,
But the firſt cutting at a gawdy?
And whence ſuch ſhoals, in bare conditions,
That ſtarve and languiſh as phyſicians,
Content to trudge the ſtreets, and ſtare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlot's chamber (ſee
Moliere's "Medicin malgre lui")

The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary.
Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that ſhines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.
O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The ſofteſt breaſt, the mildeſt mien!
Would you not feel ſome little ſpleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
Firſt ſerv'd—though in a diſh of coffee?
Plac'd firſt, although, where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd firſt, though not with half the fame,
That waits my charming Celia's name?
Hard fortune! barely to inſpire
Our fix'd eſteem, and fond deſire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The ſource of univerſal love!—
Yet be content, obſerving this,
Honour 's the offspring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have purſued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it.
You 'll find your general reputation
A kind of ſupplemental ſtation.
Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to riſe a Peer;

So,

So, to ſupply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit ſecur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift,
Not quite ſo innocent as Swift:
In Britain's cauſe he rants, he labours;
"He 's honeſt, faith"—have patience, neighbours,
For patriots may ſometimes deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave,
To ſerve them in a higher ſphere;
And drop their virtue, to get there.—
As Lucian tells us, in his faſhion,
How ſouls put off each earthly paſſion,
Ere on Elyſium's flowery ſtrand
Old Charon ſuffer'd them to land;
So ere we meet a court's careſſes,
No doubt our ſouls muſt change their dreſſes:
And ſouls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themſelves ten times a day.
If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And ſaints alike and ſinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along;
For which ſuch ſervile toils are ſeen,
Who 's happier than a king?—a queen.
Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female paſſion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all meaſure
Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleaſure.
Sir, if your drift I rightly ſcan,
You 'd hint a beau was not a man:

Say,

Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all diſputable caſes.
A man perhaps would ſomething linger,
Were his lov'd rank to coſt—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on 't,
He might deliberate once or twice on 't;
Perhaps aſk Gataker's advice on 't.
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchaſe it with gold.
But women wiſh precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's ſupreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And ſtrongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not ſell out-right,
Or maim a limb—that was in ſight;
Yet on worſe terms they ſometimes chuſe it;
Nor ev'n in puniſhments refuſe it.
Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument ſhall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beſide my title ſays, a tale.
Where Avon rolls her winding ſtream,
Avon, the Muſes' favourite theme!
Avon, that fills the farmers' purſes,
And decks with flowers both farms and verſes,
She viſits many a fertile vale—
Such was the ſcene of this my tale.

For

For 'tis in Eveſham's vale, or near it,
That ſolks with laughter tell and hear it.
The ſoil with annual plenty bleſt
Was by young Corydon poſſeſt.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As moſt material to my ſtory:
For ſtrength and vigour too, he had them,
And 'twere not much amiſs, to add them.
Thrice happy lout! whoſe wide domain
Now green with graſs, now gilt with grain,
In ruſſet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with ſheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulſe's bloom,
Might well with bright alluſion ſtore me;
—But happier bards have been before me!
Amongſt the various year's increaſe,
The ſtripling own'd a field of peaſe;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by ſome female neighbours.
Each morn diſcover'd to his ſight
The ſhameful havock of the night:
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no inſtructions where to find them.
The Devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have ſeen the Devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has ſaid it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;

But

But then old Noll was one in ten,
And ſought him more than other men.
Our ſhepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He roſe one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambuſh lay:
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidſt the peaſe, the ſinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themſelves had ſown them.

'Tis worth a ſage's obſervation
How love can make a jeſt of paſſion.
Anger had forc'd the ſwain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid:
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now baniſh'd anger out of door;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a ſmile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a ſmiling face,
He in few words expreſs'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded inſtant recompence:

That

That recompence from each, which ſhame
Forbids a baſhful Muſe to name.
Yet, more this ſentence to diſcover,
'Twas what Bet * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the ſtrumpet willing,
Has ſpent his fortune—to a ſhilling.
Each ſtood a while, as 'twere ſuſpended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.
At length, with ſoft pathetic ſighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies
'Tis vain to ſtrive—juſtice, I know,
And our ill ſtars, will have it ſo—
But let my tears your wrath aſſuage,
And ſhew ſome deference for age!
I from a diſtant village came,
Am old, God knows, and ſomething lame;
And if we yield, as yield we muſt,
Diſpatch my crazy body firſt.
Our ſhepherd, like the Phrygian ſwain,
When circled round on Ida's plain,
With goddeſſes he ſtood ſuſpended,
And Pallas's grave ſpeech was ended,
Own'd what ſhe aſk'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE

ODE to be performed by Dr. BRETTLE, and a Chorus of HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The Inſtrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I ſay, awake good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let 's be merry; ſtir the tipple;
How can you ſleep,
Whilſt I do play? how can you ſleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great muſician!
On drowſy ſouls ſome pity take!
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy ſtrains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this ſtrain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of ſkill, and judgment deep!
Zoonters they 're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he 's aſleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go — Soft muſic.
Whilſt I do play?
Sal.—How could they go! — Warlike muſic.
How ſhould they ſtay?

O CUPID

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

WHEN Celia, Love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez firſt was marry'd;
And angry Cupid came to know,
His ſhafts had err'd, his bow miſcarry'd;
He ſigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full ſad, he laid him;
When Plutus, there by fortune led,
In this deſponding plight ſurvey'd him.
And ſure, he cry'd, you 'll own at laſt
Your boaſted power by mine exceeded:
Say, wretched boy, now all is paſt,
How little ſhe your efforts heeded.
If with ſucceſs you would aſſail,
Gild, Youngſter, doubly gild your arrows:
Little the feather'd ſhafts avail,
Though wing'd from Mamma's doves and ſparrows.
What though each reed, each arrow grew,
Where Venus bath'd herſelf; depend on 't,
'Twere more for uſe, for beauty too,
A diamond ſparkled at the end on 't.
Peace, Plutus, peace!—the boy reply'd;
Were not my arts by your's infeſted,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle, unmoleſted.

See

See yonder pair! no worldly views
In Chloe's generous breaſt reſided:
Love bade her the ſpruce valet chuſe,
And ſhe by potent love was guided.

For this! ſhe quits her golden dreams,
In her gilt coach no more ſhe ranges:
And her rich crimſon, bright with gems,
For cheeks impearl'd with tears, ſhe changes.

Though ſordid Celia own'd your power,
Think not ſo monſtrous my diſgrace is:
You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
I gain'd a ſcore in different places.

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—ſo much for the tragic ſtile—
And now the cuſtom is to make you ſmile.
To make us ſmile!—methinks I hear you ſay—
Why, who can help it, at ſo ſtrange a play?
The Captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultleſs conduct of his virtuous dame!
My ſtars!—what gentle belle would think it treaſon,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute ſome reaſon?
Out of my houſe!—this night, forſooth depart!
A modern wife had ſaid—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I 'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me ſafe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."

Such is the language of each modiſh fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modeſty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth:
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor ſtar'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domeſtic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happineſs abroad;
They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mixt the cares.
Thoſe times are paſt—yet ſure they merit praiſe,
For marriage triumph'd in thoſe golden days:
By chaſte decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondneſs what they won, maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring thoſe days again,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtleſs men;
Make beauty's luſtre amiable as bright,
And give the ſoul, as well as ſenſe, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantaſtic age,
That ſcorns the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage.
Let truth and tenderneſs your breaſts adorn,
The marriage chain with tranſport ſhall be worn;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compoſe the jars of ſtrife,
And pour the balm that ſweetens human life.

MORAL

MORAL PIECES.

The JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

WHILE blooming ſpring deſcends from genial ſkies,
By whoſe mild influence inſtant wonders riſe;
From whoſe ſoft breath Elyſian beauties flow;
The ſweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttelton the rural landſkip range,
Leave noiſy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early ſcenes,
And learn a moral from the riſing greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
The weed, aſpiring, emulates the flower:
The drooping flower, its fairer charms diſplay'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invaſive foe's deſigns,
The lively luſtre of theſe ſcenes declines!
'Tis thus, the ſpring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival ſeeds of ſtrife.
Then paſſion riots, reaſon then contends;
And, on the conqueſt, every bliſs depends:
Life, from the nice deciſion, takes its hue:
And bleſt thoſe judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs ſhall every bliſs attend:
The world their favourite, and the world their friend.

There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
Nor virtue's foes, though they her paths decline,
And ſcarce her friends, though with her friends they join,
In her's, or vice's caſual road advance
Thoughtleſs, the ſinners or the ſaints of chance!
Yet ſome more nobly ſcorn the vulgar voice;
With judgment fix, with zeal purſue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reaſon born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While paſſion's lawleſs tides, at their command,
Glide through more uſeful tracts, and bleſs the land.
Happieſt of theſe is he whoſe matchleſs mind,
By learning ſtrengthen'd, and by taſte refin'd,
In virtue's cauſe eſſay'd its earlieſt powers;
Choſe virtue's paths, and ſtrew'd her paths with flowers.
The firſt alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
The fitteſt to adorn each art ſhe brings:
Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires:
Prais'd by that bard whom every Muſe inſpires:
Bleſt in the tuneful art, the ſocial flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame!
'Twas youth's perplexing ſtage his doubts inſpir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
Reſign'd to thought, with lingering ſteps he ſtray'd;
Bleſt with a mind to taſte ſincerer joys:
Arm'd with a heart each falſe one to deſpiſe,
Dubious he ſtray'd, with wavering thoughts poſſeſt,
Alternate paſſions ſtruggling ſhar'd his breaſt;

The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep atttention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious, if fame an equal bliſs ſecur'd;
Or ſilent eaſe with ſofter charms allur'd.
The ſylvan choir, whoſe numbers ſweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd;
The ſilver flood that in meanders led
His glittering ſtreams along th' enliven'd mead;
The ſoothing breeze, and all thoſe beauties join'd,
Which, whilſt they pleaſe, effeminate the mind,
In vain! while diſtant, on a ſummit rais'd,
Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling maze
The ſeparate ſweets of pleaſure and of praiſe;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new luſtre gain'd upon the ſhade.
At once, before his wondering eyes were ſeen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and in their dreſs and face,
Each ſeem'd to vie with ſome peculiar grace.
This, whoſe attire leſs clogg'd with art appear'd,
The ſimple ſweets of innocence endear'd.
Her ſprightly bloom, her quick ſagacious eye,
Shew'd native merit, mix'd with modeſty.
Her air diffus'd a mild yet aweful ray,
Severely ſweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaſte image of the martial maid,
In artleſs folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd roſe her cheeks adorn,
Her bluſhing cheeks, that ſham'd the purple morn.

Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
Or ſtudy'd geſtures, or well-practis'd ſmiles.
She ſcorn'd the toys which render beauty leſs;
She prov'd th' engaging chaſtity of dreſs;
And while ſhe choſe in native charms to ſhine,
Ev'n thus ſhe ſeem'd, nay more than ſeem'd, divine.
One modeſt emerald claſp'd the robe ſhe wore,
And, in her hand, th' imperial ſword ſhe bore.
Sublime her height, majeſtic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The ſhrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where ſhe trod, with riſing luſtre crown'd.
Still her approach with ſtronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd, while diſtant; but, when near, ſhe charm'd.
So ſtrikes the gazer's eye, the ſilver gleam
That glittering quivers o'er a diſtant ſtream;
But from its banks we ſee new beauties riſe,
And, in its cryſtal boſom, trace the ſkies.
With other charms the rival viſion glow'd;
And from her dreſs her tinſel beauties flow'd.
A fluttering robe her pamper'd ſhape conceal'd,
And ſeem'd to ſhade the charms it beſt reveal'd.
Its form, contriv'd her faulty ſize to grace;
Its hue, to give freſh luſtre to her face.
Her plaited hair diſguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring luſtre ſhar'd;
The gawdy topaz lent its gay ſupplies,
And every gem that ſtrikes leſs curious eyes;
Expos'd her breaſt with foreign ſweets perfum'd;
And, round her brow, a roſeate garland bloom'd.

Soft ſmiling, bluſhing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet, ah! the bluſhes artful as the ſmiles.
Oft-gazing on her ſhade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the ſubſtance well deſerv'd her care:
Her thoughts, to others charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd;
And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior ſhe refines her mein;
Or when, to bleſs her Delian favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, Egypt's ſportive dame,
Her dreſs expreſſive, and her air the ſame,
When her gay bark o'er ſilver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd ſtreamers wav'd in gold.
Such ſhone the viſion; nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawleſs love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conſpir'd.
Lifeleſs her gait, and ſlow, with ſeeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made ſome faint efforts, and firſt approach'd the ſwain.
So glaring draughts, with taudry luſtre bright,
Spring to the view, and ruſh upon the ſight:
More ſlowly charms a Raphael's chaſter air,
Waits the calm ſearch, and pays the ſearcher's care.
Wrap'd in a pleas'd ſuſpence, the youth ſurvey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid:

Alternate

Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inſpir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleaſure ran,
When ſhe, who firſt approach'd him, firſt began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes;
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleaſure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life reſign;
Each ſweet which nature can diffuſe is mine,
For me the nymph diverſifies her power,
Springs in a tree, or bloſſoms in a flower;
To pleaſe my ear, ſhe tunes the linnet's ſtrains;
To pleaſe my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in moſſy beds ſhe grows;
To gratify my ſmell, perfumes the roſe;
Reveals the fair, the fertile ſcene you ſee,
And ſwells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war purſue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boaſted prize:
Where, though ſhe give, your country oft denies.
Induſtrious thou ſhalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his ſoft campaign.
His darts alone ſhalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only ſuffer, to enjoy the cure.
Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs ſhall riſe,
And fire thy breaſt, and bleſs thy raviſh'd eyes.
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer roſe ſhall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;

Where

Where fondly thou thy favour'd head ſhalt reſt,
Soft as the down that ſwells the cygnet's neſt!
While Philomel in each ſoft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with melliſluous ſtrains:
Whilſt, with each accent, ſweeteſt odours flow;
And ſpicy gums round every boſom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in ſuch luxury of ſweets expire.
At ſloth let war's victorious ſons exclaim;
In vain! for pleaſure is my real name;
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'er-grown;
No, ſeek thou roſes to adorn thy own:
For well each opening ſcene, that claims my care,
Suits and deſerves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy ſoul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter ſtill on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its cluſtering ſweets to me:
For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the paſſive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cauſe conſenting gods employ'd,
Nor ſlight thoſe gods, their bleſſings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar ſhall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, ſpring the cane;
Some coſtly tribute every clime ſhall pay;
Some charming treaſure every wind convey;
Each object round ſome pleaſing ſcene ſhall yield;
Art built thy dome, while nature decks thy field;

Of

Of Corinth's order ſhall the ſtructure riſe;
The ſpiring turrets glitter through the ſkies;
Thy coſtly robe ſhall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vaſe ſhall ſparkle, and thy car ſhall blaze;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the ſun diſplay,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and ſweetly-ſounding lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young deſires;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, ſome favourite maid
Improves the flame her ſparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, canſt thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on virtue's viſionary charms;
Or ſlight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen ſage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap diſgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliеſt charmer pleads with me.
She, whoſe ſoft ſmile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whoſe endearments years, like moments, flew;
For whoſe endearments millions ſeem'd too few;
She, ſhe implores; ſhe bids thee ſeize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life beſtow
On ſome cold lover, or inſulting foe.
Think, if againſt that tongue thou canſt rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reaſon ſeem'd to dwell;

Wi-

What ſtrong perſuaſion arms her ſofter ſighs!
What full conviction ſparkles in her eyes!

See nature ſmiles, and birds ſalute the ſhade,
Where breathing jaſmin ſcreens the ſleeping maid:
And ſuch her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition ſeeks more humble joys than love!
There buſy toil ſhall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor ſciences perplex thy labouring brain:
Or none, but what with equal ſweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praiſe a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dreſs that ſuits each varying mien;
To ſhew where beſt the cluſtering gems are ſeen;
To ſigh ſoft ſtrains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the ſweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy diſdainful Muſe;
Nor think the ſiſters will their aid refuſe.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or ſilent ſhades,
Soft ſcenes of leiſure! ſuit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wiſe, and all the grave decree
Some of that ſacred train ally'd to me.

But if more ſpecious eaſe thy wiſhes claim,
And thy breaſt glow with faint deſire of fame,
Some ſofter ſcience ſhall thy thoughts amuſe,
And learning's name a ſolemn ſound diffuſe:
To thee all nature's curious ſtores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an inſect's wing;

The

The plant, which nature, leſs diffuſely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
The ſhell ſhe ſcatters with more careleſs air,
And, in her frolics, ſeems ſupremely fair;
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's ſtains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averſe to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuſe his ſofteſt charms;
Ere anxious thought thy dear repoſe aſſail,
Or care, my moſt deſtructive foe, prevail.
The watery nymphs ſhall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
For thy repoſe, inform, with rival joy,
Their ſtreams to murmur, and their winds to ſigh.
Thus ſhalt thou ſpend the ſweetly-flowing day,
Till loſt in bliſs thou breath'ſt thy ſoul away:
Till ſhe t' Elyſian bowers of joy repair,
Nor find my charming ſcenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head ſuſtains;
One points, expreſſive, to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
Deep in his breaſt, to melt his manly ſoul:
As when Favonius joins the ſolar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the froſt decays.
Soon, to his breaſt, the ſoft harangue convey'd
Reſolves too partial to the ſpecious maid.
He ſigh'd, he gaz'd, ſo ſweetly ſmil'd the dame;
Yet, ſighing, gazing, ſeem'd to ſcorn his flame,

And

And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimſon bluſh condemn'd the riſing ſigh.
'Twas ſuch the lingering Trojan's ſhame betray'd,
When Maia's ſon the frown of Jove diſplay'd:
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
For the ſoft reign of Dido, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conſpires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hovering doubts his anxious boſom mov'd,
And virtue, zealous fair! thoſe doubts improv'd.
"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by ſuch fantaſtic ſcenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be ſeen,
And the dry turf diſcloſe a fainter green;
Though no gay roſe or flowery product ſhine,
The barren ſurface ſtill conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
In virtue's path, ſuperior ſweets beſtows—
Yet ſhould thoſe boaſted, ſpecious toys allure,
Whence could fond ſloth the flattering gifts procure?
The various wealth that tempts thy fond deſire,
'Tis I alone, her greateſt foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treaſur'd ſtore;
I through each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant firſt reveal'd,
By numerous ſtrata deep in earth conceal'd,
'Tis I the ſurface yet refine, and ſhow
The modeſt gem's intrinſic charms to glow.
Nor ſwells the grape, nor ſpires its feeble tree
Without the firm ſupports of induſtry.

But

But grant we ſloth the ſcene herſelf has drawn,
The moſſy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal ſweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona ſlight the plains around,
And chuſe, for faireſt fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bleſs the fertile vale ſhould virtue ceaſe,
Nor moſſy grots, nor flowery lawns could pleaſe;
Nor gay Pomona's luſcious gifts avail,
The ſound harmonious, or the ſpicy gale.

Seeſt thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp ariſe,
Whoſe rugged cliffs deform th' encircling ſkies?
Thoſe fields, whence Phœbus all their moiſture drains,
And, too profuſely fond, diſrobes the plains?
When I vouchſafe to tread the barren ſoil,
Thoſe rocks ſeem lovely, and thoſe deſerts ſmile.
The form thou view'ſt, to every ſcene with eaſe
Transfers its charms, and every ſcene can pleaſe.
When I have on thoſe pathleſs wilds appear'd;
And the lone wanderer with my preſence chear'd;
Thoſe cliffs the exile has with pleaſure view'd,
And call'd that deſert bliſsful ſolitude!

Nor I alone to ſuch extend my care:
Fair-blooming health ſurveys her altars there.
Brown exerciſe will lead thee where ſhe reigns,
And with reflected luſtre gild the plains.
With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reſide.
One ready offering ſuits each neighbouring ſhrine;
And all obey their laws, who practiſe mine.

But

But health averſe from ſloth's ſmooth region flies;
And, in her abſence, pleaſure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repoſe,
Smile where ſhe ſmiles, and ſicken when ſhe goes.
A galaxy of powers! whoſe forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
Nor will ſoft ſleep to ſloth's requeſt incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the ſparkling bowl, the warbling ſtrain,
Th' incentive ſong, the labour'd viand vain!
Where ſhe relentleſs reigns without control,
And checks each gay excurſion of the ſoul:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and ſpread the ſofteſt arms:
Till joyleſs indolence ſuggeſts deſires;
Or drugs are ſought to furniſh languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliſs, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirſty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debaſe the ſands:
But let fair health her chearing ſmiles impart,
How ſweet is nature, how ſuperfluous art!
'Tis ſhe the fountain's ready draught commends,
And ſmooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay boſom with unuſual fires,
And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine ſweets of love.
His faireſt proſpect riſing trophies frame;
His ſweeteſt muſic is the voice of fame;

Pleaſures to ſloth unknown! ſhe never found
How fair the proſpect, or how ſweet the ſound.
See fame's gay ſtructure from yon ſummit charms,
And fires the manly breaſt to arts or arms:
Nor dread the ſteep aſcent, by which you riſe
From groveling vales to towers which reach the ſkies.
'Love, fame, eſteem, 't is labour muſt acquire;
The ſmiling offspring of a rigid ſire!
To fix the friend, your ſervice muſt be ſhewn;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may ſtring for you their lyre,
That books may praiſe, or coins record your name,
Such, ſuch rewards, 't is toil alone can claim!
And the fame column which diſplays to view
The conqueror's name, diſplays the conqueſt too.
'Twas ſlow experince, tedious miſtreſs! taught
All that e'er nobly ſpoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas ſhe the patriot, ſhe the bard refin'd,
In arts that ſerve, protect, or pleaſe mankind.
Not the vain viſions of inactive ſchools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whoſe generous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to ſerve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war beſtows:
Peace rears her olive for induſtrious brows:
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind ſupplies:
Nor heaven, its ſhowers without a ſacrifice.
See far below ſuch groveling ſcenes of ſhame,
As lull to reſt Ignavia's ſlumbering dame.

Her friends, from all the toils of fame ſecure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cauſe engage
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A ſickly ſapleſs maſs, if reaſon flies;
And, if ſhe linger, impotently wiſe!
A thoughtleſs train, who, pamper'd, ſleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;
From life's freſh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where thy leaſt can bear.
When to the mind, diſeas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection ſhall the mind ſupply?
When, with loſt health, what ſhould the loſs allay,
Peace, peace is loſt: a comfortleſs decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleaſure flies,
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through death's dark viſta flowery tracts are ſeen,
Elyſian plains, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they caſt,
Their's is the preſent who can praiſe the paſt.
Life has its bliſs for thoſe, when paſt its bloom,
As wither'd roſes yield a late perfume,
Serene, and ſafe from paſſion's ſtormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage leſs depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diſeas'd.
For health on age, 't is temperance muſt beſtow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incenſe bounteous Jove requires,
Has ſweets for him who feeds the ſacred fires.—

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes;
Deſirous ſtill, ſtill impotent to riſe.
Oft, when reſolv'd to gain thoſe bliſsful towers,
The penſive queen the dire aſcent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some ſylvan muſic, or ſome ſcented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm ſhe ſpies,
And all the ſhort-liv'd reſolution dies.
Thus ſome fond inſect's faultering pinions wave,
Claſp'd in its favourite ſweets, a laſting ſlave:
And thus in vain theſe charming viſions pleaſe
The wretch of glory, and the ſlave of eaſe:
Doom'd ever in ignoble ſtate to pine,
Boaſt her own ſcenes, and languiſh after mine.

But ſhun her ſnares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy ſhame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inſpir'd.
Let generous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praiſe.
The bold exploit that charms th' atteſting age,
To lateſt times ſhall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle ſhall thy ſhrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time ſhall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raiſe a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feaſts thy name ſhall Grecians join;
Shall pour the ſparkling juice to Jove's and thine.

Thine,

Thine, us'd in war, ſhall raiſe their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inſpire.
Dulneſs perhaps, through want of ſight, may blame,
And ſpleen, with odious induſtry, defame;
And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in ſecret ſadneſs, own them due:
Contempt and envy were by fate deſign'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none, but who deſerve, can bear;
While envy's wounds the ſmiles of fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits ſhall fire,
Thine every friend it ſuits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their ſeats I ſhew,
Lov'd by the good their images below."
Ceaſe, lovely maid, fair daughter of the ſkies!
My guide! my queen! th' extatic youth replies.
In thee I trace a form deſign'd for ſway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.
And, by thy bright immortal friends I ſwear,
Thy fair idea ſhall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hoſts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppoſe!
Welcome all toils th' inequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppreſſive hand,
And cruſh the fetters of an injur'd land:
To ſee the monſter's noxious life reſign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monſters of mankind!
Nature ſhall ſmile to view the vanquiſh'd brood,
And none, but envy, riot unſubdued,

In cloiſter'd ſtate let ſelfiſh ſages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
And boaſt their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far leſs the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet ſuch in vain thy favouring ſmiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-ſpent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to deſtroy;
When, ſtrongly lur'd by fame's contiguous ſhrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with diſdainful air,
He turn'd to blaſt the late exulting fair.
But vaniſh'd, fled to ſome more friendly ſhore,
The conſcious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her ſpurious charms of dreſs and face
Claim'd a quick conqueſt, or a ſure diſgrace.
Fantaſtic power! whoſe tranſient charms allur'd,
While error's miſt the reaſoning mind obſcur'd:
Not ſuch the victreſs, virtue's conſtant queen,
Endur'd the teſt of truth, and dar'd be ſeen.
Her brightening form and features ſeem'd to own,
'T was all her wiſh, her intereſt, to be known:
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind,

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive ſplendor crown'd,
While glooms oppreſs us, and thick ſhades ſurround.

But

But let the ſource of light its beams diſplay,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the ſickening ſplendor fades away.

The PROGRESS of TASTE.

OR,

The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the AUTHOR; and how great a Misfortune it is, for a Man of ſmall Eſtate to have much TASTE.

PART the FIRST.

PERHAPS ſome cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my penſive lay.
"The ſhip is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean ſail:
For happineſs our courſe we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the ſcenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms diſpers'd in air,
Still dancing near diſorder'd eyes;
And weakeſt his, who beſt deſcries!
Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wiſhing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wiſh what 's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wiſhes granted;

Extenſive field; where poets pride them
In ſinging all that is deny'd them.)

For humble eaſe, ye powers! I pray;
That plain warm ſuit for ev'ry day!
And pleaſure, and brocade, beſtow;
To flaunt it—once a month, or ſo.
The firſt for conſtant wear we want;
The firſt, ye powers! for ever grant;
But conſtant wear the laſt beſpatters,
And turns the tiſſue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant courſe I bend,
Let me ſecure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public ſcenes, requeſt
A friend of wit and taſte, well dreſs'd:
And, if I muſt not hope ſuch favour,
A friend of wit and taſte, however.

Alas! that wiſdom ever ſhuns
To congregate her ſcatter'd ſons;
Whoſe nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and ſway mankind.
The fool will ſqueeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in ſight;
The note he ſtrikes, the plume he ſhows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the ſight; careſs, and own him,
But ill-ſtarr'd ſenſe, nor gay nor loud,
Steals ſoft on tip-toe, through the crowd;

Conveys

Conveys his meagre form between;
And ſlides, like pervious air, unſeen:
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be:
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to ſtray,
And win acquaintance in their way.
In company, ſo mean his air,
You ſcarce are conſcious he is there:
Till from ſome nook, like ſharpen'd ſteel,
Occurs his face's thin profile.
Still ſeeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.
Yet, while reluctant he diſplays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its center, plac'd
His tawdry ſtock of painted paſte.
Diſus'd to ſpeak, he tries his ſkill;
Speaks coldly, and ſucceeds but ill;
His penſive manner, dulneſs deem'd;
His modeſty, reſerve eſteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And thoſe who, mutually known,
In friendſhip's faireſt liſt had ſhone,
Leſs prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to ſhades from public ſight;
Grow ſavage, quit their ſocial nature;
And ſtarve, to ſtudy mutual ſatire.
But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, ſeas between them:

Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, with to meet again.
Sick of the thought, let me provide,
Some human form to grace my ſide;
At hand, where'er I ſhape my courſe;
An uſeful, pliant, ſtalking-horſe!
No geſture free from ſome grimace;
No ſeam, without its ſhare of lace;
But, mark'd with gold or ſilver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I adviſe,
And ſtockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind:
Before, a ſolitaire; behind,
A twiſted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an aſs's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wiſdom's ſlender wealth to ſhare!
And, whilſt in flocks our fancies ſtray,
To wiſh the poor man's lamb away.
This form attracting every eye,
I ſtrole all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella ſun or wind;
Or, like a ſponge, abſorbs the ſallies,
And peſtilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a ſplendid ſhield, is fit
To ſcreen the templar's random wit;

Or

Or what ſome gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quaſh the leaden ball.
Alluſions theſe of weaker force,
And apter ſtill the ſtalking-horſe!
O let me wander all unſeen,
Beneath the ſanction of his mien!
As lilies ſoft, as roſes fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!
With ſteady eye and pace remark
The ſpeckled flock that haunts the park *;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed:
And, as my ſatire burſts amain,
See, feather'd foppery ſtrew the plain.
But when I ſeek my rural grove,
And ſhare the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My ſweet ſequeſter'd paths profane.
Oft may ſome poliſh'd virtuous friend
To the ſoft-winding vales deſcend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And ſcorn with me the pomp of kings:
And check me, when my boſom burns
For ſtatues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wiſh might now be mine—
But all diſpers'd! the wiſh, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART

* St. James's.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic ſchemes were not!
Ere yet he ſent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail caſtles in the ſkies;
Forſaking pleaſures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, ſtill flitting from one.
Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had taſte ne'er touch'd thy tranquil ſhore!
Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples jingled at his ſide;
And Damon ſwore he would not barter
The ſportſman's girdle, for a garter!
Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found eaſy Damon in their power;
Pure ſocial nature all his guide,
"Damon had not a grain of pride."
He wiſh'd not to elude the ſnares
Which knavery plans, and craft prepares;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles;
And win their univerſal ſmiles:
For who are chearful, who at eaſe,
But they who cheat us as they pleaſe?
He wink'd at many a groſs deſign,
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
Yes! Damon had a generous ſpirit!"

A cox-

A coxcomb's jeſt, however vile,
Was ſure, at leaſt, of Damon's ſmile:
That coxcomb ne'er denied him ſenſe;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modeſty away,
Damon could ſhine as much as they.
When wine and folly came in ſeaſon,
Damon ne'er ſtrove to ſave his reaſon;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar:
A ſpy upon a hoſtile ſhore!
'Twas this his company endear'd:
Mirth never came till he appear'd:
His lodgings—every drawer could ſhow them;
The ſlave was kick'd, who did not know them.
Thus Damon, ſtudious of his eaſe,
And pleaſing all, whom mirth could pleaſe;
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To ſhew a ſofter word than folly.
Since wiſdom's gorgon-ſhield was known
To ſtare the gazer into ſtone;
He choſe to truſt in folly's charm,
To keep his breaſt alive and warm.
At length grave learning's ſober train
Remark'd the trifler with diſdain;
The ſons of taſte contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze;
While they to nobler heights aſpir'd,
And grew belov'd, eſteem'd, admir'd.
Hence with our youth, not void of ſpirit,
His old companions loſt their merit:

And

And every kind well-natur'd ſot
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where every yawning gueſt agrees,
The willing creature ſtrives to pleaſe:
But temper never could amuſe;
It barely led us to excuſe;
'Twas true, converſing they aver'd,
All they had ſeen, or felt or heard:
Talents of weight! for wights like theſe,
The law might chuſe for witneſſes:
But ſure th' atteſting dry narration
Ill ſuits a judge of converſation.
* What were their freedoms? mere excuſes
To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruiſes.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, inceſſant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cauſe, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
So ſure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage? but a loaded gun;
Machine the wiſe would wiſh to ſhun;
Its guard unſafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In ſhort, diſguſted out of meaſure,
Through much contempt, and ſlender pleaſure,
His ſenſe of dignity returns;
His native pride his boſom burns;

He

* Boiſterous mirth.

He ſeeks reſpect—but how to gain it?
Wit, ſocial mirth, could ne'er obtain it:
And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Diſcards and diſſipates reſpect.
The man who gravely bows, enjoys it;
But ſhaking hands, at once, deſtroys it.
Precarious plant, which, freſh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
Come then, reſerve! yet from thy train
Baniſh contempt, and curſt diſdain.
Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,
To act the decent diſtant part:
To huſband well my complaiſance,
Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;
But chuſe calm reaſon for my theme,
In theſe her royal realms ſupreme;
And o'er her charms, with caution ſhown,
Be ſtill a graceful umbrage thrown;
And each abrupter period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and ſmiles profound,
Till, reſcued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I riſe with head elate, to ſhare
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Reſpect is won by grave pretence
And ſilence, ſurer ev'n than ſenſe—
'Tis hence the ſacred grandeur ſprings
Of Eaſtern—and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While virtue 's diſtant as Peru?

The

The ſheathleſs ſwôrd the guard diſplays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The ſtately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Leſs ſcreens the body, than controls,
And wards contemn't from royal ſouls.
The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the ſurface of—the void.
O! 'tis the ſtateſman's craft profound
To ſcatter his amuſements round!
To tempt us from their conſcious breaſt,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their neſt.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, diſpatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a diſtance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's aſſiſtance:
Nay—had addreſſes from his nation,
In praiſe of log-adminiſtration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that general ſtare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement ſent its invitation.

Ro-

'Romantic ſcenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And moſſy banks, the fields adorn,
Where Damon, ſimple ſwain, was born.
The Dryads rear'd a ſhady grove;
Where ſuch as think, and ſuch as love,
May ſafely ſigh their ſummer's day;
Or muſe their ſilent hours away.
The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
And taught the level plain to ſwell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works deſcry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their ſtreams to pleaſe the view,
And bade them wind, as ſerpents do:
And having ſhewn them where to ſtray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
Theſe Fancy, all-ſagacious maid,
Had at their ſeveral taſks ſurvey'd:
She ſaw and ſmil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with deſcriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when ſhe all its charms had ſhewn,
Preſcribe improvements of her own.
" See yonder hill, ſo green, ſo round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raiſe a dome to Venus there:

Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal ſurvey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas ſuch a ſhade, and ſuch a nook,
In ſuch a vale, near ſuch a brook;
From ſuch a rocky fragment ſpringing;
That fam'd Apollo choſe, to ſing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.
How charming there to muſe and warble
Beneath his buſt of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vaſt deſire.
Then, near it, ſcoop the vaulted cell
Where Muſic's * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender paſſion,
And make thee many an aſſignation.
Deep in the grove's obſcure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's ſacred ſeat;
There let her awful turrets riſe,
(For wiſdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates ſhalt thou hear
Diſtinctly ſtrike thy liſtening ear:
And who would ſhun the pleaſing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"
In ſhort, ſo charm'd each wild ſuggeſtion,
Its truth was little call'd in queſtion:
And Damon dreamt he ſaw the fawns,
And Nymphs, diſtinctly, ſkim the lawns;

N

* The Muſes.

Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Loſt in the circling ſhades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and purſuing—
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
Be thou my goddeſs! thou my guide!
For thy bright viſions I deſpiſe
What foes may think, or friends adviſe.
The feign'd concern, when folks ſurvey
Expence, time, ſtudy, caſt away;
The real ſpleen, with which they ſee:
I pleaſe myſelf, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breaſt by fancy warm'd;
And thus the fairy landſkip charm'd.
But moſt he hop'd his conſtant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the ſoft deſign betray'd.

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays ſalute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flowers! which early ſpring ſupplies,
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes!
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee;
Or what were elſe your charms to me?
Kind zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee, refreſhment find.

Ye ſtreams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſoothe my fair;
Or, oh, 'twill deepen my deſpair!
Be ſure, ye willows! you be ſeen
Array'd in livelieſt robes of green;
Or I will tear your ſlighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds!
May ſhe admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou ſhalt prove her lover's tomb."
And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
Loud laugh'd the ſquires, the rabble ſtar'd.
"See, neighbours, what our Damon 's doing!
I think ſome folks are fond of ruin!
I ſaw his ſheep at random ſtray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds ſuch huts, as in foul weather,
Are fit for ſheep nor ſhepherd neither."
Whence came the ſober ſwain miſled?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be ſo vain on 't,
I think he 'll never touch a grain on 't.
And if, from Phœbus, and his Muſe,
Mere earthly lazineſs enſues;
'Tis plain, for aught that I can ſay,
The Devil inſpires, as well as they.

So

So they—while fools of groſſer kind,
Leſs weeting what our bard deſign'd,
Impute his ſchemes to real evil;
That in theſe haunts he met the Devil.
He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It ſuited wights who trod the plain:
For dulneſs—though he might abhor it—
In them he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottos,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muſes,
Were plagu'd to gueſs their proper uſes.
But did the Muſes haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counſels ſhare?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the ſtructures ſhone compleat;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair gueſts alone were wanting;
Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confeſſion)
Came poverty and took poſſeſſion.

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my Damon, whilſt he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obeliſks, and ſpires,
Which every critic eye admires?

'Tis poverty, deteſted maid,
Sole tenant of their ample ſhade!
'Tis ſhe, that robs him of his eaſe;
And bids their very charms diſpleaſe.
But now, by fancy long controul'd,
And with the ſons of taſte enroll'd,
He deem'd it ſhameful to commence
Firſt miniſter to common ſenſe:
Far more elated, to purſue
The loweſt taſk of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty ſoul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on ſome elaborate flower;
And, like a bee, the ſweets devour!
Now, of a roſe enamour'd, prove
The wild ſolicitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enſhrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in theſe toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting ſun, and ſhade, and ſhower,
As moſt might glad the new-born flower,
So fate ordain'd before his eye—
Starts up the long-ſought butterfly!
While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celeſtial crimſon, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flowerets fair!
The living beauty claims his care,
For this he ſtrips—nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm purſuit reſtrain.

Se:

See him o'er hill, moraſs, or mound,
Where'er the ſpeckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal purſue;
And totter towards the prey in view.
Nor rock, nor ſtream, his ſteps retard,
Intent upon the bleſt reward!
One vaſſal fly repays the chace!
A wing, a film, rewards the race!
Rewards him, though diſeaſe attend,
And in a fatal ſurfeit end.
So fierce Camilla ſkimm'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
She ey'd intent the glittering ſtranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger:
Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious fate impell'd the dart!
How ſtudious he what favourite food
Regales dame nature's tiny brood?
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liqueurs they chuſe to tipple!
Behold him, at ſome criſe, preſcribe,
And raiſe with drugs the ſickening tribe!
Or haply, when their ſpirits fau'ter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
When nature's brood of inſects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely ſuccour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or ſee him guard their pregnant hour;
Exert his ſoft obſtetric power:

And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!
* O Wilks! what poet's loftieſt lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praiſe?
Immortal ſage! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illuſtrious breed;
Till fluttering ſwarms on ſwarms ariſe,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!
And muſt we praiſe this taſte for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys.
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Reſign your moths—the ſeaſon 's o'er.
'Tis time more ſocial joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler taſk—to love.
Let * * * *'s eyes more deeply warm;
Nor, ſlighting nature's faireſt form,
The bias of your ſouls determine
Towards the mean love of nature's vermin.
But, ah! how wondrous few have known,
To give each ſtage of life its own!
'Tis the pretexta's utmoſt bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To pleaſe the child; whoſe glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes:
And few, but with regret, aſſume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.

Ah!

* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expenſive propoſals.

Ah! let not me by fancy ſteer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Conſume my faireſt, fruitleſs days:
Like him, who ſhould in armour ſpend
The ſums that armour ſhould defend.

A while, in pleaſure's myrtle bower,
We ſhare her ſmiles, and bleſs her power;
But find at laſt, we vainly ſtrive
To fix the worſt coquette alive.

O you! that with aſſiduous flame
Have long purſued the faithleſs dame;
Forſake her ſoft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and ſlight her ſmile.
Nor ſcorn, whatever wits may ſay,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the ſcrupulous charmer teize,
But ſeek the roofs of honeſt eaſe;
The rival fair, no more purſued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art eſſay,
To win you to her ſlighted ſway;
And grant your ſcorn a glance more fair
Than e'er ſhe gave your fondeſt prayer.

But would you happineſs purſue?
Partake both eaſe, and pleaſure too?
Would you, through all your days, diſpenſe
The joys of reaſon, and of ſenſe?

Or give to life the moſt you can,
Let ſocial virtue ſhape the plan.
For does not to the virtuous deeed
A train of pleaſing ſweets ſucceed?
Or, like the ſweets of wild deſire,
Did ſocial pleaſures ever tire?
Yet midſt the groupe be ſome preferr'd,
Be ſome abhorr'd—for Damon err'd:
And ſuch there are—of fair addreſs—
As 't were unſocial to careſs.
O learn by reaſon's equal rule
To ſhun the praiſe of knave, or fool!
Then, though you deem it better ſtill
To gain ſome ruſtic 'ſquire's good will;
And ſouls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a ſmile;
Yet reaſon holds it for a crime,
The trivial breaſt ſhould ſhare thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human ſacrifice!
Through deep reſerve, and air erect,
Miſtaken Damon won reſpect;
But could the ſpecious homage paſs,
With any creature, but an aſs?
If conſcious, they who fear'd the ſkin,
Would ſcorn the ſluggiſh brute within.
What awe-ſtruck ſlaves the towers encloſe,
Where Perſian monarchs eat and doze!

What

What proſtrate reverence all agree,
To pay a prince they never ſee!
Mere vaſſals of a royal throne!
The ſophi's virtues muſt be ſhewn,
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldſt thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her,
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy duteous hours befriend;
Will ſwell thy joys, will ſhare thy pain;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will ſmooth thy pillow, pleat thy bowers;
And bind thy aching head with flowers.
But be this previous maxim known,
If thou canſt feed on love alone:
If, bleſt with her, thou canſt ſuſtain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain:
If ſo—then rifle all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too ſoon, by caitiff-ſpleen inſpir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd:
The path diſclaim'd by ſober reaſon;
Retirement claims a later ſeaſon;
Ere active youth and warm deſires
Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
With the warm boſom, ill agree,
Or limpid ſtream, or ſhady tree.
Love lurks within the roſy bower,
And claims the ſpeculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulſe too fiercely beat!

Ev'n

Ev'n ſocial friendſhip duns his ear,
And cites him to the public ſphere,
Does he reſiſt their genuine force?
His temper takes ſome froward courſe;
Till paſſion, miſdirected, ſighs
For weeds, or ſhells, or grubs, or flies!
Far happieſt he, whoſe early days
Spent in the ſocial paths of praiſe,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund, the memory draws
The laſting meed of ſelf-applauſe.
Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people their ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,
That haunt his floods, or chear his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble ſtrays,
He virtue's radiant form ſurveys;
She ſeems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown ſevere *;
To ſhew him her remote abode;
To point the rocky arduous road:
But from each flower, his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

OECO.

* Alluding to—the allegory in Cebes's tablet.

OECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, addreſſed to young POETS.

" Inſanis; omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis
" Sunt tibi, Naſones Virgilioſque vides." MART.

PART the FIRST.

TO you, ye bards! whoſe laviſh breaſt requires
This monitory lay, the ſtrains belong;
Nor think ſome miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profuſion, ſings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inſpires the meaneſt of the Muſes' train!
Like you I loath the groveling progeny,
Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on power's tyrannic throne;
To lord it there in gorgeous uſeleſſneſs,
And ſpurn ſucceſsleſs worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſons
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
In the free jeſt delighted! ſeems to ſhew
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he ſings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems ſet agape the board.
Like Demea, in the play, benign and mild.

And

And pouring forth benevolence of ſoul,
Till Micio wonders: or, in Shakeſpear's line,
Obſtreperous Silence; drowning Shallow's voice,
And ſtartling Falſtaff, and his mad compeers.
He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To ſmooth his careful brow! to let his purſe
Ope to a ſixpence's diameter!
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleaſaunce, and deſerve regard.
True, we are dainty good ſociety,
But what art thou? alas! conſider well,
Thou bane of ſocial pleaſure, know thyſelf.
Thy fell approach, like ſome invaſive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Deſtroy the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
Its flamens boaſt to guard: we know not how,
But at thy ſight the fading flame aſſumes
A ghaſtly blue, and in a ſtench expires.
True, thou ſeem'ſt chang'd; all ſainted, all enſky'd
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honeſt, and of gentle kind,
But all is falſe! an intermitting ſigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to ſmiles,
And deems thoſe only loſt, thou doſt not loſe.
Ev'n for a demi groat, this open'd ſoul,
This boon companion, this elaſtic breaſt
Revibrates quick; and ſends the tuneful tongue
To laviſh muſic on the rugged walls
Of ſome dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly!
Touch not my glaſs, nor drain my ſacred bowl,

Mon-

Monſter, ingrate! beneath one common ſky
Why ſhouldſt thou breathe? beneath one common roof
Thou ne'er ſhalt harbour; nor my little boat
Receive a ſoul with crimes to preſs it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be converſation. Not a face that ſmiles
Admit thy preſence! not a ſoul that glows
With ſocial purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Inveſt the happy! but when life declines,
May thy ſure heirs ſtand tittering round thy bed,
And, uſhering in their favourites, burſt thy locks,
And fill their lamps with gold; till want and care
With joy depart, and cry, "We aſk no more."
Ah never never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! poets, ever void
Of guile, diſtruſtleſs, ſcorn the treaſur'd gold,
And ſpurn the miſer, ſpurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendſhip, in the poet's eye
The rival ſcale of intereſt kicks the beam,
Than lightning ſwifter. From his cavern'd ſtore
The ſordid ſoul, with ſelf-applauſe, remarks
The kind propenſity; remarks and ſmiles,
And hies with impious haſte to ſpread the ſnare.
Him we deride, and in our comic ſcenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
We loath with juſtice; but alas the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold;
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whoſe heart
Is cruſted o'er with droſs, whoſe callous mind
Is ſenſeleſs as his gold, the ſlighted Muſe
Intenſely loaths. 'Tis ſure no equal taſk
To pardon him, who laviſhes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or ſpaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold eſſays
All, but the nobleſt pleaſure, to remove
The want of genius, and its ſmiles enjoy.
But y. u, ye titled youths! whoſe nobler zeal
Would burniſh o'er your coronets with fame;
Who liſten pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
Permit him not, in diſtant ſolitudes,
To pine, to languiſh out the fleeting hours
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praiſe
That ſeaſon unadorn'd, the careleſs bard
Quits your worn threſhold, and like honeſt Gay
Contemns the niggard boon ye time ſo ill.
Your favors then, like trophies given the tomb,
Th' enfranchis'd ſpirit ſoaring not perceives,
Or ſcorns perceiv'd; and execrates the ſmile
Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous hopes
And ſervile cares a prey, expire in vain! —
Two lawleſs powers, engag'd by mutual hate
In endleſs war, beneath their flags enroll
The vaſſal world. This avarice is nam'd,
That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
Aſſign them ſofter names; uſurpers both;
That ſhare by dint of arms the legal throne
Of juſt œconomy; yet both betray'd

By

By fraudful miniſters. The niggard chief,
Liſtening to want, all faithleſs, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needleſs fears
The ſlave inſpires; while luxury, a chief
Of ampleſt faith, to plenty's rule reſigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flattering ſounds
Engroſs his ear; 'tis plenty's ſmiling form
Moves ſtill before his eyes. Diſcretion ſtrives,
But ſtrives in vain, to baniſh from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He, ſecure of truſt,
With latent malice to the hoſtile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.
Ye towering minds! ye ſublimated ſouls!
Who, careleſs of your fortunes, ſeal and ſign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with eaſier mien
Than fops take ſnuff! whoſe œconomic care
Your green-ſilk purſe engroſſes! eaſy, pleas'd,
To ſee gold ſparkle through the ſubtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Heſperian fruitage ſmil'd
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harveſts! harveſts all the year!
Who ſcatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
Were by a ſplendid ſucceſſor ſupply'd
Inſtant, ſpontaneous! liſten to my lays.
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phraſe
Have long decreed, that quit with greateſt eaſe
The treaſur'd gold. Of words indeed profuſe,

Of gold tenacious, their torpeſcent ſoul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall ſolve the frofty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
Of health! of treaſure! ſtimulates the ſoul:
Theſe, with officious care, and fatal art,
Improve the vinous flavour; theſe the ſmile
Of Cloe ſoften; theſe the glare of dreſs
Illume; the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add ſtrange wiſdom to the furs of power.
Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
That he, who thinks of pureſt gold with ſcorn,
Should with unfated appetite demand,
And vainly court, the pleaſure it procures!
When fancy's vivid ſpark impels the ſoul
To ſcorn quotidian ſcenes, to ſpurn the bliſs
Of vulgar minds, what noſtrum ſhall compoſe
Its fatal tenſion? in what lonely vale
Of balmy medicine's various field, aſpires
The bleſt refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgaſm uncontrol'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires; to eat, to drink, to ſleep, to fill
A cheſt with gold, the ſprightly breaſt demands
Inceſſant rapture; life, a tedious load
Deny'd its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? philoſophy requires
No laviſh coſt; to crown its utmoſt prayer
Suffice the root-built cell, the ſimple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the cryſtal ſtream.

Ev'n mild ſtupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taſte alone requires
Entire profuſion! Days and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud
For coſtly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement! ſeas of bliſs!
Seas without ſhore! infinity of ſweets!
And yet, unleſs ſage reaſon join her hand
In pleaſure's purchaſe, pleaſure is unſure:
And yet, unleſs œconomy's conſent
Legitimate expence, ſome graceleſs mark,
Some ſymptom ill-conceal'd, ſhall, ſoon or late,
Burſt like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's diſeaſe,
Amidſt the bloom of ſhew. The ſcanty ſtream
Slow-loitering in its channel, ſeems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but ſhould the ſedgy power
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how muſt his fellow ſtreams
Deride the tinklings of the boaſtive rill!
I not aſpire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
But, ere ſelf-flattery ſooth the vivid breaſt
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
Reflect how few, who charm'd the liſtening ear
Of ſatrap or of king, her ſmiles enjoy'd!
Conſider well, what meagre alms repay'd
The great Mæonian, ſire of tuneful ſong,
And prototype of all that ſoar'd ſublime,
And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd

The modeſt bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
To ſwell with tears his Mulla's parent ſtream,
And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
"To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone."
Why ſhould I tell of Cowley's penſive Muſe
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
Which of your boaſted race might hope reward
Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
The judge of wit, perus'd the ſprightly page,
Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
The poet's paraſite; but learn alone
To ſpare the ſcanty boon the fates decree.
Poet and rich! 'tis ſolœciſm extreme!
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
In every nerve and fibre of his ſoul,
The latent ſeeds and principles of want
Has nature wove; and fate confirm'd the clue.
Nor yet deſpair to ſhun the ruder gripe
Of penury; with nice preciſion learn
A dollar's value. Foremoſt in the page
That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
Place inattention. When the luſt of praiſe,
Or honour's falſe idea, tempts thy ſoul
To ſlight frugality, aſſure thine heart
That danger's near. This periſhable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters miſers, but it muſt alone
Enfranchiſe thee. The world, the cit-like world,
Bids thee beware; thy little craft eſſay;

Nor, piddling with a tea-ſpoon's ſlender form,
See with ſoup-ladles devils gormandize.
Oeconomy! thou good old aunt! whoſe mien
Furrow'd with age and care the wiſe adore,
The wits contemn! reſerving ſtill thy ſtores
To chear thy friends at laſt! why with the cit,
Or bookleſs churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'ſt thou to reſide?
And, ſhunning all who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to ſeek ſome vulgar mind
Inſpiring pride, and ſelfiſh ſhapes of ill?
Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childleſs, love to dwell; yet leave the breaſt
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for ſure to youthful eyes
(How ſhort ſoe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either ſide
The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
Profuſely ſmiling; well might you eſſay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day,
But Fate aſſents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glittering ſeeds of care!
O that the Muſe's voice might pierce the ear
Of generous youth! for youth deſerves her ſong,
Youth, is fair virtue's ſeaſon, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the ſequent ſtage,
It barely vegetates; nor long the ſpace

Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk diſplay
Fell winter's total reign. O lovely ſource
Of generous foibles, youth! when opening mind,
Are honeſt as the light, lucid as air,
As foſtering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring!
Yet, hapleſs ſtate of man! his earlieſt youth
Cozens itſelf; his age defrauds mankind.
Nor deem it ſtrange that rolling years abrade
The ſocial biaſs. Life's extenſive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
Sickening beneath its ray, enervate ſome,
And others dead, whoſe putrid name exhales
A noiſome ſcent, the bulky volume teems.
With kinſmen, brothers, ſons, moiſtening the ſhroud,
Or honouring the grave, with ſpecious grief
Of ſhort duration; ſoon in fortune's beams
Alert, and wondering at the tears they ſhed.
But who ſhall ſave by tame proſaic ſtrain
That glowing breaſt, where wit with youth conſpires
To ſweeten luxury? The fearful Muſe
Shall yet proceed, though by the fainteſt gleam
Of hope inſpir'd, to warn the train ſhe loves.

PART THE SECOND.

IN ſome dark ſeaſon, when the miſty ſhower
Obſcures the ſun, and ſaddens all the ſky;
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor ſtream
Invites thee forth, to ſport thy drooping Muſe;

Seize

Seize the dull hour, nor with regret aſſign
To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy
Accepts the tribute of a joyleſs day;
She ſmiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,
And not a Grace, and not a Muſe will hear.
Then, from majeſtic Maro's awful ſtrain,
Or towering Homer, let thine eye deſcend
To trace, with patient induſtry, the page
Of income and expence. And oh! beware
Thy breaſt, ſelf-flattering, place no courtly ſmile,
Nor golden promiſe of your faithleſs Muſe,
Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may ſhew,
Amid thy ſolid ſtore. The ſyren's ſong
Wrecks not the liſtening ſailor, half ſo ſure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of want, deteſted, ſteals along,
And bars each fatal paſs. Some few ſhort hours
Of punctual care, the refuſe of thy year
On frugal ſchemes employ'd, ſhall give the Muſe
To ſing intrepid many a chearful day.

But if too ſoon before the tepid gales
Thy reſolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours preferr'd, or dye forgot,
Or ſeem'd the forc'd effect of hazy ſkies;
Then, ere ſurprize, by whoſe impetuous rage
The maſſy fort, with which thy gentler breaſt
I not compare, is won, the ſong proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminiſh'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, ſyſtems, all!

Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; ſoul alike with ſoul
Aſpires to join; nor yet in ſouls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propenſity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, ſhould the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the ſway, amid the wreck
Their union ſhould ſurvive; with Roman warmth,
By ſacred hoſpitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.
Here then we fix; on this perennial baſe
Erect thy ſafety, and defy the ſtorm.
Let ſoft profuſion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty; nor here deſiſt,
Till, o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou ſing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward ſhew in laſting leagues combine
With ſhame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of raſh intemperance, be diſcreetly pair'd
With ſallow hunger; the licentious joy,
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight
Of ſculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breaſt, ſagacious prudence! ſhall connect
With filth and beggary; nor diſdain to link
With black inſolvency. Thy ſoul alarm'd
Shall ſhun the ſyren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the ſoft enchantreſs ſhare thy breaſt,
With ſuch a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor

Nor think, ye ſordid race! ye groveling minds!
I frame the ſong for you! for you, the Muſe
Could other rules impart; the friendly ſtrain,
For gentler bloſſoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breaſt
Compaſſion, love, and friendſhip, all deſtroy!
It greatly ſhall avail, if e'er thy ſtores
Increaſe apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of groſs unbounded praiſe!
It much avails, to ſeize the preſent hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the ſmall remaining ſtore
Shall riſe in weight tenfold, in luſtre riſe,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce aſſay.
'Tis thus the frugal huſbandman directs
His narrow ſtream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By ſudden rains impell'd, it proudly ſwell;
His timely hand through better tracts conveys
The quick decreaſing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild moraſs, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed graſs mature, or barren ſands,
It flow deſtructive, or it flow in vain!
But happieſt he who ſanctifies expence
By preſent pay! who ſubjects not his fame
To tradeſmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of baſe mechanic, ſordid, unſincere!
There haply, while thy Muſe ſublimely ſoars

Beyond

Beyond this earthly ſphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambroſial ſweets,
Thy growing debt ſteals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor Phoebus ſelf,
Nor ſage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To ſoothe the ruthleſs dun's deteſted rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curſe profane
He loads the gentle Muſe; then hurls thee down
To want, remorſe, captivity, and ſhame.
Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane? —
Why fondly linger on a hoſtile ſhore,
Diſarm'd, defenceleſs? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's ſpace, where every breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy diſſipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
Of ſhew diffus'd, and ſpeed to ſafer climes.
Oeconomy preſents her glaſs, accept
The faithful mirror; powerful to diſcloſe
A thouſand forms, unſeen by careleſs eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every ſweet perfum'd,
Beſets thy ſenſe; extortion follows cloſe
Her wanton ſtep, and ruin brings the rear.
Theſe and the reſt ſhall her myſterious glaſs
Embody to thy view; like Venus-kind,
When to her labouring ſon, the vengeful powers

That

That urg'd the fall of Ilium, ſhe diſplay'd,
He, not imprudent, at the ſight declin'd
The unequal conflict, and decreed to raiſe
The Trojan welfare on ſome happier ſhore,
For here to drain thy ſwelling purſe await
A thouſand arts, a thouſand frauds attend,
" The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous ſnuff-boxes,
" The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
" With all its bright inhabitants, ſhall waſte
" Its melting ſtores, and in the dreary void
" Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhauſt
Its ſlimſy folds offend thy penſive eye,
Away! emboſom'd deep in diſtant ſhades,
Nor ſeen nor ſeeing, thou mayſt vent thy ſcorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop, and eſſenc'd beau,
Ferocious with a ſtoic's frown diſcloſe
Thy manly ſcorn, averſe to tinſel pomp;
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy ſoul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dreſs,
Where dreſs is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wiſh thee burniſh'd! where the ſprightly fair
Demand embelliſhment! ev'n Delia's eye,
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curſt domain;
Theſe are the realms of luxury and ſhew;
No claſſic ſoil: away! the bloomy ſpring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native ſhades, and dread ev'n there,

Leſt

Left buſy fancy tempt thy narrow ſtate
Beyond its bounds. Obſerve Florelio's mien.
Why treads my friend with melancholy ſtep
That beauteous lawn? why penſive ſtrays his eye
O'er ſtatues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, diſconſolate? And is it love,
Diſaſtrous love, that robs the finiſh'd ſcenes
Of all their beauty? centering all in her
His ſoul adores? or from a blacker cauſe
Springs this remorſeful gloom? is conſcious guilt
The latent ſource of more than love's deſpair?
It cannot be within that poliſh'd breaſt
Where ſcience dwells, that guilt ſhould harbour there;
No! 'tis the ſad ſurvey of preſent want,
And paſt profuſion! Loſt to him the ſweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladſome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your ſimple ſcenes, how raptur'd! ere expence
Had laviſh'd thouſand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to diſpleaſe.
Oh! for a ſoul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhauſtleſs treaſury,
Nobly ſuperior! but let caution guide

The

The coy diſpoſal of the wealth we ſcorn,
And prudence be our almoner! Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er ſome diſtant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! not diſdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the deſtin'd means
To ſmooth his paſſage to the favour'd ſhrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this ſtranger-world,
Let none who ſojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is mercenary; nor waſte
His fare, ere landed on no venal ſhore.
Let never bard conſult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! ſurvey
Thy learned art, in Chiſwick's dome diſplay'd,
Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful Muſe,
To ſing a requiem to that gentle ſoul
Who plann'd the ſky-light; which to laviſh bards
Conveys alone the pure etherial ray.
For garrets him, and ſqualid walls await,
Unleſs, preſageful, from this friendly ſtrain,
He glean advice, and ſhun the ſcribbler's doom.

PART the THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muſe configns thee. Ere contempt,
Or want's empoiſon'd arrow, ridicule,
Tranſfix thy weak unguarded breaſt, behold!

The poet's roofs, the careleſs poet's, his
Who ſcorns advice, ſhall cloſe my ſerious lay.
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The play-thing of compariſon, arriv'd
Where learned boſoms their aerial ſchemes
Projected, ſtudious of the public weal;
'Mid theſe, one ſubtler artiſt he deſcry'd,
Who cheriſh'd in his duſty tenement
The ſpider's web, injurious, to ſupplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on ſuch fatal purpoſe ſmile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd ſons
The Melkſham weavers! Here in every nook
Their wefts they ſpun; here revel'd uncontroul'd,
And, like the flags from Weſtminſter's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
Such, ſo adorn'd, the cell I mean to ſing!
Cell ever ſqualid! where the ſneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whoſe quieſcent walls
Arachne's unmoleſted care has drawn
Curtains ſubfuſk, and ſave th' expence of art.
Survey thoſe walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wandering ſnails in many a ſlimy path,
Free, unreſtrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations ſtrange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! ſuch the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!

Mean

Mean time, thus ſilver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the ſnail-wrought tiſſue ſhines,
Perchance of tabby, or of harrateen,
Not ill expreſſive! ſuch the power of ſnails.
Behold the chair, whoſe fractur'd ſeat infirm
An aged cuſhion hides! replete with duſt
The foliag'd velvet; pleaſing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the ſnare
Of weary gueſt that on the ſpecious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! diſaſtrous wight!
In evil hour and raſhly doſt thou truſt
The fraudful couch! for, though in velvet cas'd,
Thy fated thigh ſhall kiſs the duſty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath ſhap'd his way; on beds profuſe of flowers,
Cowſlip, or primroſe, or the circular eye
Of daiſie fair, decrees to baſk ſupine.
And ſee! delighted, down he drops, ſecure
Of ſweet refreſhment, eaſe without annoy,
Or luſcious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
Much ſuffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor ſweet repoſe ſhalt find; the falſe moraſs
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclos'd!
And who would truſt appearance? caſt thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldeſt of things! and napleſs, as an heath
Of ſmall extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.

Not different have I ſeen in dreary vault
Diſplay'd, a coffin; on each ſable ſide
The texture unmoleſted ſeems entire.
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to duſt away!
And leaves the wondering ſwain to gape, or ſtare,
And with expreſſive ſhrug, and piteous ſigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged veſture, ſcorn of gazing beaux,
And formal cits, (themſelves too haply ſcorn'd)
Both on its ſleeve and on its ſkirt, retains
Full many a pin wide-ſparkling: for, if e'er
Their well-known creſt met his delighted eye,
Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the ſky,
He, gently ſtooping, ſcorn'd not to upraiſe,
And on each ſleeve, as conſcious of their uſe,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with theſe,
The cure of rents and ſeparations dire,
And chaſms enormous, did he view diſmay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, buſh, portending fate
To breeches, coat and hoſe! had any wight
Of vulgar ſkill, the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a ſonnet quaint
Of Silvia's ſhoe-ſtring, or of Cloe's fan,
Or ſweetly-faſhion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent uſe decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!

See

See near his bed (his bed too falſely call'd
The place of reſt, while it a Bard ſuſtains;
Pale, meagre, Muſe-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candleſtick,
Radiant machine, when from the plaſtic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
The engine iſſued; now alas diſguis'd
By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
Its ſides congeal; what he, perhaps, eſſays
With humour forc'd, and ill-diſſembled ſmile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleaſing fold, incruſts the tree.
Or ſuits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of froſt
Pervaſive, radiant icicles depend?
How ſhall I ſing the various ill that waits
The careful ſonneteer? or who can paint
The ſhifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneleſs window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vaſe?
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeſeen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends deſign'd,
Allow one part to decorate his ſong.
While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
Conſcious of every ſhift, of every ſhift

Indicative, his inmoſt plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his ſtudy calls
Pompous and vain! for thus he might eſteem
His cheſt, a wardrobe; purſe, a treaſury;
And ſhews, to crown her full diſplay, himſelf.
One whom the powers above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or ſcrip, or ſtaff,
Cup, diſh, ſpoon, plate, or worldly utenſil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wiſh the cobler's loftieſt ſite his own;
Nor, partial as they ſeem, upbraid the fates,
Who to the humbler mechaniſm, join'd
Goods ſo ſuperior, ſuch exalted bliſs!
See with what ſeeming eaſe, what labour'd peace,
He, hapleſs hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amuſement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
That care-defying ſonnet, which implies
His debts diſcharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full poſſeſſion, uncontеſted right
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if ſuch there be, diſtruſt
The vain pretence; the ſmiles that harbour grief
As lurks the ſerpent deep in flowers enwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demoliſh; chuſe the truſtier flail,
And bleſs thoſe labours which the choice inſpir'd.
But if thou view'ſt a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common ſenſe, who ſeeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breaſt,

Pre-

Preſcient of future dignities, ſalute
Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, ſecure: nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! He perchance ſhall riſe
To nobler heights than foreſight can decree.
When, fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues diſplay'd
In many an idle ſong, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd ſure deſtruction to the tuneful race;
Appeas'd by ſuppliant Phœbus, "Bards, he ſaid,
Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

THE RUIN'D ABBEY;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
Her lawful throne, and to the ſacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muſe returns.
Happy the Bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft muſing on a ſummer's eve, ſurveys
His azure ſtream, with penſile woods enclos'd!
Or o'er the glaſſy ſurface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
Wafts his ſmall frigate. Fearleſs he of ſhouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
That ape confuſion from the realms they rule!

Fearleſs of theſe; who ſhares the gentler voice
Of peace and muſic; birds of ſweeteſt ſong
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And chear the foreſt; birds of brighter plume
With buſy pinion ſkim the glittering wave,
And tempt the ſun; ambitious to diſplay
Their ſeveral merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verſe, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the ſcene.
If ſolitude his wandering ſteps invite
To ſome more deep receſs (for hours there are,
When gay, when ſocial minds to friendſhip's voice,
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable ſhades,
Her ſolemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around emboſom'd, how it ſoothes the ſoul!
If ſcoop'd at firſt by ſuperſtitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the ſhoals
Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may wiſdom, as ſhe walks the maze,
Some ſerious truths collect, the rules of life,
And ſerious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I aſk not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles; in early life,
Ere indolence impede the ſearch, explor'd.
Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling ſchools attack

My

My grounded hope, or ſubtler wits deride,
Will I not bluſh to ſhun the vain debate,
And this mine anſwer; "Thus, 'twas thus I thought;
"My mind yet vigorous, and my ſoul entire;
"Thus will I think, averſe to liſten more
"To intricate diſcuſſion, prone to ſtray.
"Perhaps my reaſon may but ill defend
"My ſettled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
"Too ſure its own infirmities declare.
"But I am arm'd by caution, ſtudious youth,
"And early foreſight; now the winds may riſe,
"The tempeſt whiſtle, and the billows roar;
"My pinnace rides in port, deſpoil'd and worn,
"Shatter'd by time and ſtorms, but while it ſhuns
"Th' inequal conflict, and declines the deep,
"Sees the ſtrong veſſel fluctuate leſs ſecure."
Thus while he ſtrays, a thouſand rural ſcenes
Suggeſt inſtruction, and inſtructing pleaſe.
And ſee betwixt the grove's extended arms
An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day ſun: with lingering ſtep
Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to deſtroy
Tree, branch, or ſhade, for never ſhall thy breaſt
Too long deliberate) with timorous hand
Remove th' obſtructive bough; nor yet refuſe,
Though ſighing, to deſtroy that favourite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that ſcreens the vaſt remains.
Aggriev'd but conſtant as the Roman ſire,

The rigid Manlius, when his conquering ſon
Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour, timeleſsly diſplay'd;
Nor ceaſe till, through the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobſtructed; thither oft thine eye
Shall ſweetly wander; thence returning, ſoothe
With penſive ſcenes thy philoſophic mind.

Theſe were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O ſuperſtition! hence the dire diſeaſe,
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian peſt
Were a ſhort head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of tranſient indigeſtion) ſeiz'd mankind.

Long time ſhe rag'd, and ſcarce a ſouthern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till ſhe,
Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their power,
And in a thouſand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to ſanctify the page
Of Britiſh annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk ſuborn'd infernal ſhrieks,
And fiends to ſnatch at the departing ſoul
With helliſh emulation. If a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the ſkies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?
The ſovereign's juſt, the ſubject's loyal pact,
To cheriſh mutual good, annull'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle ſcroll
Ere the frail ſanction of the wax was cold.

With

With thee, * Plantagenet from civil broils
The land a while reſpir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket roſe, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawleſs fury march'd
The church's blood-ſtain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murderous prieſts the ſovereign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd croſier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not ſupinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues, learn'd, courageous, wiſe,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal ſoul
Firm and erect the peeviſh prieſt exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuſe
The penſive gloom which ſuperſtition loves,
And ſee him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey whilſt the prieſt aſcends!
Was † Cœur-de-lion bleſt with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the cruſade; and ſee, of half his ſtores
Deſpoil'd the wretch, whoſe wiſer boſom choſe
To bleſs his friends, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair ſuns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty ‡ Longchamp, 'mid his livery'd files
Of wanton vaſſals, ſpoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel harveſt for a pillag'd land.

* Henry II. † Richard I.
‡ Biſhop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deſerts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren ſprays!
When faithleſs John uſurp'd the ſully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heaven its foe! ſix tedious years
Our helpleſs fathers in deſpair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
The ſovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal reſcript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durſt invade; be ſuch inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartleſs, dead
To every purpoſe, men nor wiſh'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curſe, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he ſees
A vengeful angel, in whoſe waving ſcroll
He reads damnation; ſees its ſable train
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by deſpair!
The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful ſteps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to laviſh on the ſhrine
Of ſome far-honour'd ſaint his coſtly ſtores,
Inverts his footſtep; ſickens at the ſight
Of the barr'd fane, and ſilent ſheds his tear.
The wretch whoſe hope by ſtern oppreſſion chas'd
From every earthly bliſs, ſtill as it ſaw

Tri-

Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heaven,
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge loft
And wonted peace. The facred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To fupplicate remiffion, fmok'd no more;
While the green weed luxuriant round uprofe.
Some from their death-bed, whofe delirious faith
Through every ftage of life to Rome's decrees
Obfequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now faw the ghaftly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
The laft loud clarion found, and heaven's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the fkies.
Nor light the grief, by fuperftition weigh'd,
That their difhonour'd corfe, fhut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Muft fleep with brutes their vaffals; on the field;
Unneath fome path, in marle unexorcis'd!
No folemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of prieft pronounce their foul fecure!
Nor fondeft friend affure their peace obtain'd!
The prieft! alas, fo boundlefs was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
And his big paunch, diftended with the fpoils
Of half his flock: emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride, and mightier luft of power!
'Twas now Rome's fondeft friend, whofe meagre hand
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads

With

With nice preciſion, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd ſoul rever'd the conclave more.
Whom did the ruin ſpare? for wealth, for power,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpleſs in the dreary gulph involv'd;
And one capricious curſe envelop'd all!
Were kings ſecure? in towering ſtations born,
In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to ſcorn mankind,
Or view diminiſh'd from their ſite ſublime;
As when a ſhepherd, from the lofty brow
Of ſome proud cliff, ſurveys his leſſening flock
In ſnowy groups diffuſive, ſcud the vale.
A while the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too ſoon
Allegiance ſickening ſaw its ſovereign yield,
An angry prey to ſcruples not his own.
The loyal ſoldier, girt around with ſtrength,
Who ſtole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And ſeiz'd the fauchion, reſolute to guard
His ſovereign's right, impalſy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his ſoul revers'd
For foul deſertion; drops the lifted ſteel,
And quits fame's noble harveſt, to expire
The death of Monks, of ſurfeit, and of ſloth!
At length fatigued with wrongs, the ſervile king
Drain'd from his land its ſmall remaining ſtores
To buy remiſſion. But could theſe obtain?
No! reſolute in wrongs the prieſts obdur'd;
Till crawling baſe to Rome's deputed ſlave

His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! ſlighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!
And now, appeas'd by delegated ſway,
The wily pontiff ſcorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the ſacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obſequious tribes
Of ſatraps! princes! crawling to the ſhrine
Of ſainted villainy! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incenſe wreath'd, amidſt a drooping land
That ſigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Diſplays its verdant leaf, its crimſon flower,
And ſheds its odours; while the flocks around
Hungry and faint the barren ſands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the ſoil;
Drain'd and exhauſt to ſwell its thirſty pores,
And furniſh luxury.—Yet in vain
Britannia ſtrove; and whether artful Rome
Careſs'd or curs'd her, ſuperſtition rag'd
And blinded, fetter'd, and deſpoil'd the land.
At length ſome murderous monk, with poiſonous art
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.
Nor yet ſurceas'd with John's diſaſtrous fate
Pontific fury! Engliſh wealth exhauſt,
The ſequent reign* beheld the beggar'd ſhore
Grim with Italian uſurers; prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,

To

* Henry III. who cancel'd the Magna Charta.

To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontrol'd.
For now with more extenſive havoc rag'd
Relentleſs Gregory, with a thouſand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor ſhall the Muſe repeat, how oft he blew
The croiſe's trumpet; then for ſums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the falſe alarm
Swell the groſs hoards of Henry, or his own.
Nor ſhall ſhe tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The beſt of charters! dar'd abſolve the tye
Of Britiſh kings by legal oath reſtrain'd.
Nor can ſhe dwell on argoſies of gold
From Albion's realm to ſervile ſhores convey'd,
Wrung from her ſons, and ſpeeded by her kings!
Oh irkſome days! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft, to gull their native land!
Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
Of ſubjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and ſhame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmoſt Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful ſword, by John ere while
Forc'd from its ſcabbard; and with burniſh'd lance
Eſſay the ſavage cure, domeſtic war!
And now ſome nobler ſpirits chas'd the miſt
Of general darkneſs. Groſted * now adorn'd
The

* Biſhop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

The mitred wreath he wore, with reaſon's ſword
Staggering deluſion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, reſign'd
No vulgar ſoul that dar'd to heaven appeal!
But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded to the ſlothful hands
Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
The laviſh hand of death-bed fear reſtrain'd.
Yet was he clear of ſuperſtition's taint?
He too, miſdeemful of his wholeſome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treaſur'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's diſtant ſoil!
Yes, the third Edward's breaſt, to papal ſway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cauſe,
Could ſuperſtition quell! before the towers
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the ſword, and ſigns ignoble peace!
But ſtill the night by Romiſh art diffus'd
Collects her clouds, and with ſlow pace recedes.
When, by ſoft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliff roſe: and while the bigot power
Amidſt her native darkneſs ſkulk'd ſecure,
The demon vaniſh'd as he ſpread the day.
So from his boſom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of ſmoke
Secure a while his recreant life ſuſtain'd;
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his ſubtleſt wiles
Victorious, chear'd the ravag'd nations round.
Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterprizing ſage!
An Epicurus in the cauſe of truth!

For 'tis not radiant ſuns, the jovial hours
Of youthful ſpring, an æther all ſerene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chaſe religious gloom! 'Tis reaſon, thought,
The light, the radiance that perwades the ſoul,
And ſheds its beams on heaven's myſterious ſway!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let looſe the rage of bigots on their foes,
And ſeek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindeſt prince,
The moſt extended breaſt, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
Burſt from the centre of remorſeleſs flames;
Their ſhrieks endur'd! Oh ſtain to martial praiſe!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the ſtorms were laid!
'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flouriſh'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff ſaw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, inveſt her worthier ſons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful ſway!
Eſſay'd his utmoſt art, and only own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The firſt fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form diſplay'd,
And centering there, in wild amaze he ſtood;

Then

Then only envying heaven's creative hand:
Wiſh'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every ſnare.
And vain were reaſon, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cauſe; Tudor, whoſe tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the beſt of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolſey roſe, by nature form'd to ſeek
Ambition's trophies, by addreſs to win,
By temper to enjoy—whoſe humbler birth
Taught the gay ſcenes of pomp to dazzle more.
Then from its towering height with horrid ſound
Ruſh'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, diſclos'd the wanton ſcene
Of monkiſh chaſtity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded ſtrumpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curſe. The pervious nooks
That, ages paſt, convey'd the guileful prieſt
To play ſome image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expoſe
Obvious the fraudful enginery of Rome.
As though this opening earth to neither realms
Should flaſh meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abaſh'd to find their cheats diſplay'd:
And, conſcious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, reſign'd their fair domain.
Nor yet ſupine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The peſt gigantic; whoſe revengeful ſtroke

Ting'd

Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign.
When from the tendereſt breaſt each wayward prieſt
Could baniſh mercy and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the baſe!
When the ſame blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and ſmiling hope.
O bleſt Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, caſt behind
One angry frown, and ſought more ſervile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued taſk
Of righteous havock, covering diſtant fields
With the wrought remnants of the ſhatter'd pile.
While through the land the muſing pilgrim ſees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midſt
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of uſe to grace a rural ſcene;
To bound our viſtas, and to glad the ſons
Of George's reign, reſerv'd for fairer times!

LOVE

LOVE AND HONOUR.

" Sed neque Medorum ſylvæ, ditiſſima terra
" Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
" Laudibus Angligenûm certent: non Bactra, nec Indi,
" Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis."

LET the green olive glad Heſperian ſhores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
Theſe let Iberia boaſt; but if in vain,
To win the ſtranger plant's diffuſive ſmile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our conſtant boſoms, theſe, the dazzled world
May view with envy; theſe, Iberian dames
Survey with fixt eſteem and fond deſire.
Hapleſs Elvira! thy diſaſtrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The Britiſh lyre; then chiefly, if the Muſe,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the ſimple guiſe
Of ancient record catch the penſive lay;
And in leſs groveling accents give to fame.
Elvira! lovelieſt maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boaſt no purer breaſt, no ſprightlier mind,
No race more ſplendent, and no form ſo fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerleſs maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the ſpoil
Of Britiſh victors, victory's nobleſt pride!
She, ſhe alone, amid the wailful train,
Of captive maids, aſſign'd to Henry's care;
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!

He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's chearful radiance ſhines no more,
Eſſay'd to ſoften; conſcious of the pang
That beauty feels, to waſte its fleeting hours
In ſome dim fort, by foreign rule reſtrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her boſom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himſelf had worn: the frowns of angry ſeas,
Or hoſtile rage, or faithleſs friend, more fell
Than ſtorm or foe: if haply ſhe might find
Her cares diminiſh'd; fruitleſs fond eſſay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modeſt awe
The tender lute he gave: ſhe not averſe
Nor deſtitute of ſkill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic ſtrains; the ſacred debt
Of gratitude, ſhe ſaid; whoſe juſt commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting ſounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the ſtrain
Of ſome impriſon'd lark, who, daily chear'd
By guardian cares, repays them with a ſong:
Nor droops, nor deems ſweet liberty reſign'd.

The ſong, not artleſs, had ſhe fram'd to paint
Diſaſtrous paſſion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot cuſtom ſway'd, ſome ſoft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the ſoft anguiſh baniſh'd from her cheek
The damaſk roſe full-blown; a fever came;

And

And from her boſom forc'd the plaintive tale.
Then, ſwift as light, he ſought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly ſought her; torn by ſwifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle ſhade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.
Sometimes, as fancy ſpoke the pleaſing taſk,
She taught her artful needle to diſplay
The various pride of ſpring: then ſwift upſprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and roſe:
There might you ſee, on gentle toils intent,
A train of buſy loves; ſome pluck the flower,
Some twine the garland, ſome with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior caſt the wreath.
'Twas paint, 'twas life! and ſure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.
Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
The royal ſcroll, which to their native home
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Reſtor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haſte
To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he ſprung;
Fir'd by the bliſs he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond diſtreſs, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeleſs hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfiniſh'd flower!
Speechleſs ſhe ſtood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native ſhore, ſhe ſaid, reſound
"Thy monarch's praiſe; and ere Elvira prove
"Of thine forgetful, flowers ſhall ceaſe to feel
"The foſtering breeze, and nature change her laws!"

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The Britiſh hoſt. Around the ſmiling youths
Call'd to their native ſcenes, with willing haſte
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
That weds each boſom to its native ſoil.
The patriot paſſion ſtrong in every clime,
How juſtly theirs, who find no foreign ſweets
To diſſipate their loves, or match their own.
Not ſo Elvira! ſhe, diſaſtrous maid,
Was doubly captive! power nor chance could looſe
The ſubtle bands; ſhe lov'd her generous foe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry ſmil'd,
Could term her native ſhore; her native ſhore
By him deſerted, ſome unfriendly ſtrand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a deſert waſte and wild.
The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The ſwelling ſails, the glittering tranſports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auſpicious ſkimm'd the placid main.
On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting ſea,
And wiſh'd a ſtorm as mercileſs, as tore
Her labouring boſom. Fondly now ſhe ſtrove
To baniſh paſſion; now the vaſſal days,
The captive moments, that ſo ſmoothly paſt,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite ſounds
Which Henry deign'd to praiſe; and now eſſay'd
With mimic chains of ſilken fillets wove
To paint her captive ſtate; if any fraud

Might

Might to her love the pleaſing ſcenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feaſt the ſoul.
But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch
On ocean's willing breaſt, and bid adieu
To his fair priſoner. She, ſoon as ſhe heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but, with a ſpreading bluſh
And riſing ſigh, the latent pang diſclos'd.
"Yes, generous youth! I ſee thy boſom glow
With virtuous tranſport, that the taſk is thine
To ſolve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, reſtore
A ſoft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceleſs prey!
But know, my ſoldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the laviſh joys of wild expence
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languiſh out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-ſtarr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
What call I freedom? is it that theſe limbs,
From rigid bolts ſecure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boaſt
That ſacred bleſſing, ſome ſuperior power
To mortal kings, to ſublunary thrones,
Muſt looſe my paſſion, muſt unchain my ſoul.
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But moſt the joyleſs privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where deſert is love.
True, I was born an alien to thoſe eyes
I aſk alone to pleaſe; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form by dreſs endear'd

To Spaniſh eyes, by dreſs may thine offend,
Whilſt I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to ſtrive
With cuſtom's load, beneath its weight expire.
Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquiſh me; his form, howe'er diſguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantaſtic robe
That e'er caprice invented, cuſtom wore,
Or folly ſmil'd on, could eclipſe thy charms.
Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmeſt plea
Seems but the ſubtler accent fraud inſpires;
My tendereſt glances, but the ſpecious flowers
That ſhade the viper while ſhe plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breaſt,
By ties of grateful duty bound, enſnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no ſofter ſmile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heaven ſearch my ſoul, and if through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poiſonous guile;
Full on my fenceleſs head its phial'd wrath
May fate exhauſt; and for my happieſt hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reaſon ſoon diſpell'd
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd iſle
Aſſign'd its total merit, unreſtrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy ſaw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces play; and bleſt the ſoil

That

That nurtur'd thee! for ſure the Virtues form'd
Thy generous breaſt; the Loves, the Graces, plann'd
Thy ſhapely limbs. Relation, birth, eſſay'd
Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's iſle appear'd, amidſt a tract
Of ſavage waſtes, the darling of the ſkies!
And thou by nature form'd, by fate aſſign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native ſhore.
'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling ſcene
Of burniſh'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows: but ah! the genial ſun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or ſcents the flower,
On Spaniſh minds, a nation's nobler boaſt!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealouſy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his flow conſuming fires.
Not ſuch thy charming region; long before
My ſweet experience taught me to decide
Of Engliſh worth, the ſound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that ſavage coaſt, that rude ſojourn,
Stranger to Britiſh worth? the worth which forms
The kindeſt friends; the moſt tremendous foes;
Firſt, beſt ſupports of liberty and love!
No, let ſubjected India, while ſhe throws
O'er Spaniſh deeds the veil, your praiſe reſound.
Long as I heard, or ere in ſtory read
Of Engliſh fame, my biaſs'd partial breaſt
Wiſh'd them ſucceſs, and, Happieſt ſhe, I cry'd,
Of woman happieſt ſhe, who ſhares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an Engliſh lord!

And now what ſhall I ſay? bleſt be the hour
Your fair-built veſſels touch'd th' Iberian ſhore:
Bleſt did I ſay the time? if I may bleſs
That lov'd event, let Henry's ſmiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conqueſt? will he ſlight
The ſoft endearments of the lovelier ſpoil?
And yet Iberia's ſons, with every vow
Of laſting faith, have ſworn theſe humble charms
Were not excell'd; the ſource of all their pains,
And love her juſt deſert, who ſues for love;
But ſues to thee, while natives ſigh in vain.

Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Diſſent from his) it ſpreads an hateful ſtain
On honeſt fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not love himſelf, with all the pointed pains
That ſtore his quiver, ſhall ſeduce my ſoul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A conſort's name, more ſwift than lightning flies,
When elements diſcordant vex the ſky,
Shall bluſhing from the form ſhe loves retire.

Yet if the ſpecious wiſh, the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, ſways a ſoul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipſes me? Nor paint the dreary ſtorms
Or hair-breadth ſcapes that haunt the boundleſs deep,
And force from tender eyes the ſilent tear;
When memory to the penſive maid ſuggeſts,
In full contraſt, the ſafe domeſtic ſcene

For

For theſe reſign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When ſteel'd by love, in love's moſt horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding ſcorns.
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."
She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender ſphere
Sent looks of love, and faithleſs hopes inſpir'd.
" Forgive me, generous maid, the youth return'd,
If, by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let ſuch ſweetneſs plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of ſolid bliſs, or happieſt love beſtow.
But ere from native ſhores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance ſhould wait
My warring ſword: if conqueſt, fame, and ſpoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treaſure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conqueſt then, and fame, and ſpoil,
If fortune frown'd adverſe, and death forbade
The bliſsful union, with my lateſt breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my ſoul
No dangers tore; this vow my boſom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the ſpoil enjoy.
Her ſhall I leave, with fair events elate,

Who

Who crown'd mine humbleſt fortune with her love?
Her ſhall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my ſlow return?
And ſhall that veſſel, whoſe approaching ſails
Shall ſwell her breaſt with extaſies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguiſh to her ſoul?
No! may the deep my villain-corſe devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids diſcloſe,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breaſt
Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."
"Oh! happy ſhe, rejoin'd the penſive maid,
Who ſhares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be ſhe happy! thy diſtinguiſh'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewel my luckleſs hopes, my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty ſuit, farewel!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random ſhaft
Of cenſure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:
They love with caution, and with happier ſtars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, reſtrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artleſs truth reveal'd;
Let, let me ſay, but for one matchleſs maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.
Theſe radiant gems, which burniſh happineſs,
But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand

With care convey. And well may ſuch adorn
Her chearful front, who finds in thee alone
The ſource of every tranſport; but diſgrace
My penſive breaſt, which doom'd to laſting woe,
In thee the ſource of every bliſs reſigns.
And now farewel, thou darling youth! the gem
Of Engliſh merit! peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young deſires, farewel!
Attend, ye ſmiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native ſhores; there ſweetly ſmooth
His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the ſacred cells
Of ſome lone cloiſter let me ſhroud my ſhame:
There, to the matin bell, obſequious, pour
My conſtant oriſons. The wanton Loves,
And gay Deſires, ſhall ſpy the glimmering towers,
And wing their flight aloof: but reſt confirm'd,
That never ſhall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her ſhorteſt prayer, ere Henry's dear ſucceſs
The warmeſt accent of her zeal employ."
Thus ſpoke the weeping fair, whoſe artleſs mind
Impartial ſcorn'd to model her eſteem
By native cuſtoms; dreſs, and face, and air,
And manners, leſs; nor yet reſolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the ſolemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to ſoft compaſſion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu

Eſteem

Eſteem could warrant, weary'd heaven with prayers
To ſhield that tender breaſt he left forlorn.
He ceas'd, and to the cloiſter's penſive ſcene
Elvira ſhap'd her ſolitary way.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of SPENSER.

"Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
"Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo." VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenſer were imagined moſt proper for the Author's imitation on *this occaſion*, are his *language*, his *ſimplicity*, his manner of *deſcription*, and a peculiar *tenderneſs* of *ſentiment* remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;
Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

In every village mark'd with little ſpire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we ſchool-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentleſs dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or taſk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did ſtowe;
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Though now ſo wide its waving branches flow;
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I ſeen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt;
They ſtart, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt;
Sad ſervitude! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte!
Ne ſuperſtition clog his dance of joy,
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

Near

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gamboles do diſplay;
And at the door impriſoning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray;
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day!
The noiſes intermix'd, which thence reſound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſcepter, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd;
And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chaſtiſement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd,
The childiſh faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auſter: theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or ſky, or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?
And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell,
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruſſet

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown;
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it paſſing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n'aunt, forſooth,
Or dame, the ſole additions ſhe did hear;
Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear;
Ne would eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere:
For never title yet ſo mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her paſt deportment claim:
And, if neglect had laviſh'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, ſhe would collect the ſame;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly could expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crumb ſhe found.

Herbs

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak
That in her garden ſip'd the ſilvery dew;
Where no vain flower diſclos'd a gawdy ſtreak;
But herbs for uſe, and phyſic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew:
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphraſy may not be left unſung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radiſh, biting infants tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim roſemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintieſt garden of the proudeſt peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering ſkirts appear.
Oh waſſel days! O cuſtoms meet and well!
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere:
Simplicity then ſought this humble cell,
Nor ever would ſhe more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here

Here oft the dame, on ſabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, ſhe to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a ſummer-ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Iſrael's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every ſtring,
Uphung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they to ſing.

For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in thoſe elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popiſh rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And ſimple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmouldering flames did burn:
Ah! deareſt lord, forefend, thilk days ſhould e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem
By the ſharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſovereign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate; and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
(The ſource of childrens and of courtiers pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry;
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe;
And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe 'frays:
Ev'n abſent, ſhe the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd ſhe ſways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.

Lo now with ſtate ſhe utters the command!
Eftſoons the urchins to their taſks repair;
Their books of ſtature ſmall they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn ſecured are;
To ſave from finger wet the letters fair:
The work ſo gay, that on their back is ſeen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleaſing ſight, I ween!

Ah luckleſs he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil ſtar! it irks me whilſt I write!
As erſt the * bard by Mulla's ſilver ſtream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he ſung, and did in tears indite.
For brandiſhing the rod, ſhe doth begin
To looſe the brogues, the ſtripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty ſkin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whiteſt ermilin.

O ru[illegible]

* Spencer.

O ruthful ſcene! when from a nook obſcure,
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee:
All playful as ſhe ſate, ſhe grows demure;
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to ſet him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her ſad grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo that all for pity ſhe could dye.

No longer can ſhe now her ſkrieks command;
And hardly ſhe forbears, through awful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow!)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous ſhower that does his cheek diſtain?
When he, in abject wiſe, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of ſweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay,
Attend, and conn their taſks with mickle care:
By turns, aſtony'd, every twig ſurvey,
And, from their fellows' hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair;
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly ſweet!

See to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
Abhorreth bench and ſtool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjuſt beheſt;
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His face beſprent with liquid cryſtal ſhines,
His blooming face that ſeems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and fully'd by a vernal ſhower.
O the hard boſoms of deſpotic power!
All, all, but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns;
And deems it ſhame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a ſullen look aſcance is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe 's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her haviour paſt reſent.

Ah me! how much I fear leſt pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muſes' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breaſt which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery falſe deceit. —

Yet, nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo,
As Milton, Shakeſpeare, names that ne'er ſhall dye!
Though now he crawl along the ground ſo low,
Nor weeting how the Muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cenſuring the deſign,
Low lays the houſe which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage ſhall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, four'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now with diſdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What ſtuff is
"here?"

But now Dan Phoebus gains the middle ſkie,
And liberty unbars her priſon-door;
And like a ruſhing torrent out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boiſterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your ſportive trade,
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flowers;
For when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid;
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In knightly caſtles or in ladies bowers.
O vain to ſeek delight in earthly thing!
But moſt in courts where proud ambition towers.
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear!
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay;
Thoſe ſauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's ſavory cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a different ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full ſore th' unmone'y'd wight, are ſeen;
And gooſe-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyleſs come there,
Leſt ſmit with ardent love he pine with hopeleſs care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide;
And muſt be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each ſeaſon do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names *th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known.

* Shrewſbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave:
Ah! midſt the reſt, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who chearleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray;
Till reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

IN-

INSCRIPTIONS.

I. On a Tablet againſt a Root-Houſe.

HERE, in cool grot and moſſy cell,
We rural fays and faeries dwell;
Though rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, aſcending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We friſk it near theſe cryſtal ſtreams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daiſies broider'd o'er
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful ſtrains we call,
But liſten to the water's fall.

Would you then taſte our tranquil ſcene,
Be ſure your boſoms be ſerene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of ſtrife,
Devoid of all that poiſons life:
And much it 'vails you in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe theſe favour'd bowers,
Nor wound the ſhrubs, nor bruiſe the flowers;

So

So may your path with ſweets abound;
So may your couch with reſt be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward ſwain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

II. On an URN.

INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
GULIELMI SOMERVILE.

And on the oppoſite ſide,

G. S. POSVIT;

Debitâ ſpargens lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

III. To Mr. DODSLEY.

COME then, my friend, thy ſylvan taſte diſplay,
Come hear thy Faunus tune his ruſtic lay;
Ah, rather come, and in theſe dells diſown
The care of other ſtrains, and tune thine own.

IV. On the Back of a Gothic Seat.

SHEPHERD, would'ſt thou here obtain
Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
Gentle Shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to reliſh calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe
In the ſimpleſt bud that blows;
Go, forſake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleaſures never cloy;
Baniſh each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inſpires
Fonder wiſhes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet, ere thou the reins reſign,
Hear what Reaſon ſeems to ſay,
Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimſon leaves the roſe adorn,
" But beneath them lurks a thorn;
" Fair and flowery is the brake,
" Yet it hides the vengeful ſnake.

" Think not ſhe, whoſe empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride,
" Think not ſhe, who, light and vain,
" Scorns the ſheep, can love the ſwain.

" Artleſs deed and ſimple dreſs
" Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs;
" Thoughts by decency control'd,
" Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

" Senſe, that ſhuns each conſcious air,
" Wit, that falls ere well aware;
" Generous pity, prone to ſigh
" If her kid or lambkin die.

" Let

" Let not lucre, let not pride,
" Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide;
" Have not thoſe their proper ſphere?
" Gentler paſſions triumph here.

" See, to ſweeten thy repoſe.
" The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the reſt is vain;
" Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain:
" Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er:
" Cloſe thy wiſh, and ſeek no more."

V. On the Back of a Gothic Alcove.

O You that bathe in courtly blyſſe,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
Do not too raſhly deem amyſſe
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſtoale,
Which o'er each careleſſe lymbe he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldlye cark he ſtray:
Or all beſide ſome flowerye lawne,
He waſte his inoffenſive daye.

So

So may he pardonne fraud and ſtrife,
If ſuch in courtlyc haunt he ſee:
For faults there beene in buſye life,
From whyche theſe peaceful glennes are free.

VI. On a SEAT, under a Spreading Beech.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.——

VII. On a SEAT.

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLET
MVSARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARUM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA.
MDCCLVIII.

VIII. On the Aſſignation Seat.

NERINE Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formoſior alba!
Cum primum paſtæ repetent præſepia tauri,
Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

IX. On

IX. On an ornamented URN, inſcribed to Miſs DOLMAN, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. SHENSTONE's, who died of the ſmall-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

PERAMABILI SVAE CONSOBRINAE
M. D.

On the other ſide:

AH MARIA
PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,
AH FLORE VENVSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!
HEV QVANTO MINVS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

X. On a SEAT.

CELEBERRIMO POETAE
IACOBO THOMSON
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis ſibilus auſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

XI. On a Seat at the Bottom of a large Root, on the Side of a Slope.

O Let me haunt this peaceful ſhade;
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower
That ſhun her paths, and ſlight her power!

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From ſocial meads and open ſkies;
Pleas'd by this rill her courſe to ſteer,
And hide her ſapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimſon ſtains,
Forſakes the river's proud domains;
Forſakes the ſun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble ſtream.

And ſure I hear the Naiad ſay,
Flow, flow, my ſtream, this devious way,
Though lovely ſoft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

Flow, gentle ſtream, nor let the vain
Thy ſmall unſully'd ſtores diſdain:
Nor let the penſive ſage repine,
Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine.

XII. On a ſmall Obeliſk in VIRGIL'S GROVE.

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

XIII. On

XIII. On a Stone, by a Chalybeat Spring.

PONS FERRVGINEVS.
DIVAE QUAE SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

XIV. On a Stone Seat, making part of a Cave.

INTVS AQVAE DULCIS, VIVOQUE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

XV. On two Seats, to two of his moſt particular Friends. The firſt thus,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI GRAVES:
IPSAE TE, TITYRE, PINVS,
IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HAEC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

The other,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI JAGO.

XVI. On a Statue of Venus de Medicis.

——" Semi educta Venus."

" TO Venus, Venus here retir'd,
" My ſober vows I pay:
" Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
" The bold, the pert, the gay.

" Not

" Not her whoſe amorous leer prevail'd
" To bribe the Phrygian boy;
" Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
" To ſave diſaſtrous Troy.

" Freſh riſing from the foamy tide,
" She every boſom warms;
" While half withdrawn ſhe ſeems to hide,
" And half reveals, her charms.

" Learn hence, ye boaſtful ſons of taſte,
" Who plan the rural ſhade;
" Learn hence to ſhun the vicious waſte
" Of pomp, at large diſplay'd.

" Let ſweet concealment's magic art
" Your mazy bounds inveſt;
" And while the ſight unveils a part,
" Let fancy paint the reſt.

" Let coy reſerve with coſt unite
" To grace your wood or field;
" No ray obtruſive pall the light,
" In aught you paint, or build.

" And far be driven the ſumptuous glare
" Of gold, from Britiſh groves;
" And far the meretricious air
" Of China's vain alcoves.

" 'Tis baſhful beauty ever twines
" The moſt coercive chain;
" 'Tis ſhe, that ſovereign rule declines,
" Who beſt deſerves to reign."

XVII. Intended to be written at the Beginning of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. SHENSTONE coloured for Mrs. JAGO.

ELEGANTISSIMAE PVELLAE
DOROTHEAE FANCOVRT,
QVAE PERDILECTI SVI CONDISCIPVLI
RICHARDI IAGO
AMORES MERVIT,
D. D.
GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE;
DEBITAE NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONAE.

XVIII. Propoſed to Mr. GRAVES by Mr. SHENSTONE, as a proper Inſcription for himſelf.

AMICITIAE G. S.
QVI,
NAIADAS PARITER AC MVSAS
EXCOLENDO,
SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM
NOMENQVE SVVM
ILLVSTRAVIT.
" (FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT
" AGRESTES)
" PANAQVE, SYLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYM-
" PHASQVE SORORES." VIRG.

VERSES

VERSES

TO

MR. SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornée, near Birmingham.

By the late Lady LUXBOROUGH.

'TIS Nature here bids pleaſing ſcenes ariſe,
And wiſely gives them Cynthio to reviſe:
To veil each blemiſh; brighten every grace;
Yet ſtill preſerve the lovely parent's face.
How well the Bard obeys, each valley tells;
Theſe lucid ſtreams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modeſt Art in ſilence lurks conceal'd,
While Nature ſhines ſo gracefully reveal'd,
That ſhe triumphant claims the total plan,
And, with freſh pride, adopts the work of man.

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq; at the LEASOWES.

By Mr. GRAVES.

"Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus!" HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from reſtraint ſet free.
Eager he ſeeks the ſcenes of gay reſort,
The mall, the rout, the play-houſe, and the court:

Soon for ſome varniſh'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peereſs, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, ſwear and ſigh,
Dreſs, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate reſtor'd to country air,
He marks the roſes of ſome rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real paſſion ſoon his boſom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And taſtes the genuine happineſs of life.

Thus, in the vacant ſeaſon of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From ſeat to ſeat o'er pompous ſcenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and ſurprize;
Till, ſick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not ſatisfied, to town.
Yet if ſome kinder Genius point his way
To where the Muſes o'er thy Leaſowes ſtray,
Charm'd with the ſylvan beauties of the place,
Where Art aſſumes the ſweets of Nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each conſecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling ſtream, his rapture move.
Like the ſage captive in Calypſo's grott,
The cares, the pleaſures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine ſphere,
And longs to dwell a bliſsful hermit here.

VERSES received by the poſt, from a LADY unknown, 1761.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy groves;
Health, and ſweet converſe with the Muſe he loves!
The humbleſt votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artleſs line,
In numbers ſuch as untaught nature brings;
As flow, ſpontaneous, like thy native ſprings.
But ah! what airy forms around me riſe?
The ruſſet mountain glows with richer dies;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice ſalutes my ear:
'Mortal, thy aim we know, thy taſk approve;
'His merit honour, and his genius love:
'For us what verdant carpets has he ſpread,
'Where nightly we our myſtic mazes tread!
'For us, each ſhady grove and rural ſeat,
'His falling ſtreams and flowing numbers ſweet!
'Didſt thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
'What tuneful verſe adorns the moſſy cell?
'There every fairy of our ſprightly train
'Reſort, to bleſs the woodland and the plain.
'There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
'The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
'And there with thoughts ſublime we bleſs the ſwain,
'Nor we inſpire, nor he attends, in vain.

'Go, ſimple rhymer! bear this meſſage true;
'The truths that fairies dictate none ſhall rue.
'Say to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy grove,
'Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
"Content thyſelf no longer that thy lays,
"By others foſter'd, lend to others praiſe;
"No longer to the favouring world refuſe
"The welcome treaſures of thy poliſh'd Muſe;
"The ſcatter'd blooms, that boaſt thy valued name,
"Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
"Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verſe, engage
"More ſolid praiſe than in this happieſt age,
"When ſenſe and merit 's cheriſh'd by the throne,
"And each illuſtrious privilege their own.
"Though modeſt be thy gentle Muſe, I ween,
"Oh, lead her bluſhing from the daiſy'd green,
"A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye ſportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intruſted mandates of your fairy ſtate,
Viſit theſe wilds again with nightly care;
So ſhall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My ſheep lie pent with ſafety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the rooſt,
My linen more than common whiteneſs boaſt:
Let order, peace, and houſewifry be mine;
Shenſtone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOULDIA.

On the diſcovery of an Echo at EDGBASTON.

By —— ——.

HA! what art thou, whoſe voice unknown
Pours on theſe plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenſtone's dale,
Who doſt with plaintive note bewail
That he forſakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconſtant rills and ſhades?
Mourn not, ſweet nymphs—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—
Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting ſong,
The liſtening herd around him ſtray'd,
In wanton friſk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naïad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The Graces danc'd; the roſy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand;
And purple Pleaſures ſtrew'd the way
With ſweeteſt flowers: and every ray
Of each fond Muſe, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breaſt inſpir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature ſmil'd, while Shenſtone ſung.
So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why doſt thou repeat—"no more?"
Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the ſcene the Muſes love;

And ſoon again will own their ſway,
And thou reſound the peerleſs lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr. DODSLEY, on his firſt arrival at the LEASOWES, 1754.

"HOW ſhall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
" The ſource of this enchantment? Dwells it in
" The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
" O'er the tranſlucent waters? Sure, unſeen,
" Some favouring power directs the happy lines
" That ſketch theſe beauties; ſwells the riſing hills,
" And ſcoops the dales, to Nature's fineſt forms,
" Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
" By line or compaſs, yet ſupremely fair."
So ſpake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm. From diſtant plains
He ſought his friend's abode: nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the ſwain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he purſued his way:
" What is it gilds the verdure of theſe meads
" With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
" Of Paradiſe? What Naïad's guiding hand
" Leads, through the broider'd vale, the lucid rills,
" That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
" Along their banks; and through the vocal ſhades,
" Improve the muſic of the woodland choir?

" What

" What penſive Dryad rais'd yon ſolemn grove,
" Where minds contemplative, at cloſe of day
" Retiring, Muſe o'er Nature's various works,
" Her wonders venerate, or her ſweets enjoy—
" What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
" Preſiding, ſcatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
" In beauteous wildneſs, yon fair-ſpreading trees;
" And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
" And herds and bleating flocks, domeſtic fowl,
" And thoſe that ſwim the lake, ſees riſing round
" More pleaſing landſkips than in Tempe's vale
" Penéus water'd. Yes, ſome ſylvan god
" Spreads wide the varied proſpect; waves the woods,
" Lifts the proud hills, and clears the ſhining lakes;
" While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The burſting torrent tumbles down the ſteep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild, interrupted, croſs'd with rocks and roots
" And interwoven trees; till, ſoon abſorb'd,
" An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
" So vaniſh human glories! Such the pomp
" Of ſwelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
" Who fret and ſtrut their hour upon the ſtage
" Of buſy life, and then are heard no more!
" Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And ſee, the ſpells,
" The powerful incantations, magic verſe,
" Inſcrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn.—
" Spells!—Incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
" Thine are the numbers! thine the wondrous work!—
" Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,

" And

" And lightly weigh all ſorcery but thine.
" No Naïad's leading ſtep conducts the rill;
" Nor ſylvan god preſiding ſkirts the lawn
" In beauteous wildneſs, with fair-ſpreading trees;
" Nor magic wand has circumſcrib'd the ſcene.
" 'Tis thine own taſte, thy genius that preſides,
" Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
" More potent ſpells than they."—No more the ſwain,
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the ſocial dome.

To Mr. R. D. on the Death of Mr. SHENSTONE.

" Thee, ſhepherd, thee, the woods and deſart caves,
" With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
" And all their echoes mourn." MILT.

'TIS paſt! my friend; the tranſient ſcene is cloſ'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted viſion rais'd
By Damon's magic ſkill, is loſt in air!
What though the lawns and pendant woods remain,
Each tinkling ſtream, each ruſhing cataract,
With lapſe inceſſant echoes through the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeleſs landſkip now?
The charm 's diſſolv'd; the genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.
As when from fair Lyceum crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus with leaves autumnal ſtrew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
Reſound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Ye

Yet here we fondly dreamt of laſting joys:
Here we had hop'd, from noiſy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendſhip's cordial ſtream;
In ſweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verſe,
And ſocial converſe, many a ſummer's day.
Romantic wiſh! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect ſketch of human bliſs—whilſt yet
Th' enraptur'd ſire his well-plann'd ſtructure views,
Majeſtic riſing 'midſt his infant groves:
Sees the dark laurel ſpread its gloſſy ſhade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilach blend,
Or pale laburnum drop its penſile chain:
Death ſpreads the fatal ſhaft, and bids his heir
Tranſplant the cypreſs round his father's tomb.
Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to raiſe
To moral truths my groveling ſong; for, ah!
Too long, by lawleſs fancy led aſtray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing fawns
Or Naïad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to ſanctify my ſtrains
With hymns, like thoſe by tuneful Meyrick ſung—
Or rather catch the melancholy ſounds
From Warton's reed, or Maſon's lyre—to paint
The ſudden gloom that damps my ſoul—But ſee!
Melpomene herſelf has ſnatch'd the pipe,
With which ſad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, My Shenſtone is no more!

R. GRAVES.

VERSES

VERSES written at the Gardens of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſquire, near Birmingham, 1756.

" Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
" Angulus ridet." HOR.

WOULD you theſe lov'd receſſes trace,
And view fair Nature's modeſt face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket ſhed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By moſſy grotts, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,
Behold her win without diſguiſe.
What though no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts, appear;
Though rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power, or fame;
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliſs more pure and unconfin'd
Your ſtep attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye:
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reſerve ſhuts up his gate;
No ſpleen, no party views control
That warm benevolence of ſoul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardleſs of each venal art;

Regardleſs of the world's acclaim;
And courteous with no ſelfiſh aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the coſtly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every Muſe and Virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Naïads guide his floods;
Where all the Siſter-Graces gay,
That ſhap'd his walk's meandering way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie ſlumbering ſoft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the ſtock-dove's melting ſtrain,
Behold them riſe! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the ſtream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champain rove,
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
And mark the dance's myſtic maze.

"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to Fancy's eye!
"Yon ſtream that wanders down the dale,
"The ſpiral wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden ſkill,
"Slow twining ſcales yon diſtant hill
"With fir inveſted—all combine
"To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
"The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
"The wand by Maïa's offspring borne,
"The ſmooth volutes of Ammon's horn,

"The

" The ſtructure of the Cyprian dame,
" And each fair female's beauteous frame,
" Shew, to the pupils of deſign,
" The triumphs of the waving line."

Then gaze, and mark that union ſweet,
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick ſhifting as you ſtray,
The vivid ſcenes on fancy play;
The lawn, of aſpect ſmooth and mild;
The foreſt-ground groteſque and wild;
The ſhrub that ſcents the mounting gale;
The ſtream rough daſhing down the dale,
From rock to rock, in eddies toſt;
The diſtant lake in which 'tis loſt;
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade;
Lone urns that ſolemnize the ſhade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
If aught the fair confuſion pleaſe,
With laſting health, and laſting eaſe,
To him who form'd the bliſsful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
Wiſh peace and freedom—theſe poſſeſt,
His temperate mind ſecures the reſt.

But if thy ſoul ſuch bliſs deſpiſe,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by Art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly ſcenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face:

Go ſcorn Simplicity—but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which virtue loves to name,
Which art conſigns to laſting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its ſource from Her alone.

ARCADIO.

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq; in his Sickneſs.

By Mr. WOODHOUSE.

YE flowery plains, ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling ſtreams, ye ſilver floods,
Ye grottoes, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Though I your charms ſurvey;
While he conſumes in pain the night,
In languid ſighs the day.

The flowers diſcloſe a thouſand blooms,
A thouſand ſcents diffuſe;
Yet all in vain they ſhed perfumes,
In vain diſplay their hues.

Reſtrain, ye flowers, your thoughtleſs pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And ſadly drooping, ſide by ſide,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland ſhade,
Your lofty ſummits rear!
Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves ſo fair!

For lo, the flowers as gayly ſmile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And though I ſadly plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, ſhould the Fates an arrow ſend,
And ſtrike the fatal wound,
Who, who ſhall then your ſweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plumy throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And ſome ſad dirge, or mournful ſong,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chant a ſprightly ſtrain
To ſoothe an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But ſee, theſe little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not if, beſide your ſtream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with ſighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cauſe diſplay,
In whiſpers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poiſon'd ſhafts of woe?

Did he not plant the ſhady bower,
Where you ſo blithely meet?
The ſcented ſhrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes ſweet?

And muſt he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verſe nor virtue ſhield
The guardian of the plain?

Muſt he his tuneful breath reſign,
Whom all the Muſes love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his ſongs approve.

Preſerve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'ſt the paths of life and ſenſe,
Or ſtop'ſt them at thy nod.

Bleſt power, who calm'ſt the raging deep,
His valued health reſtore,
Nor let the ſons of Genius weep,
Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundleſs Wiſdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my ſoul a wiſh diſcloſe
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For ſuch a God-like mind,
To go where kindred ſpirits range,
Nor leave a wiſh behind.

And though, to ſhare his pleaſures here,
King's might their ſtate forego:
Yet muſt he feel ſuch raptures there,
As none can taſte below.

VERSES left on a SEAT, the Hand unknown.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who ſo much care and coſt beſtow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with uſeful ſhade,
And chear'd wih tinkling rills each ſilent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories ſpread!

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

COME, ſhepherds, we 'll follow the hearſe,
And ſee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In ſooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant ſtrain,
The Graces that glow'd in his mind.

On

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan:
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And Winter diſcolour the year.
No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing
(Our hedges ſo vocal before,)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his ſong?
Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!
Ah! Gulielme,
Hominum digniſſime,
Amicorum integerrime,
Indole optimâ,
Moribus gratiſſimis,
Eruditione diffusâ,
Ac corde quam maxime benigno
Prædite,
Morte, eheu! præmaturâ obrepte,
Ah! Gulielme,
Vale!
" Quanto minus eſt,
" Cum aliis verſari,
" Quam tui meminiſſe!"

T. H.

Extract from Mr. MASON's "Engliſh Garden," Book I.

——Nor, Shenſtone, thou
Shalt paſs without thy meed, thou ſon of peace!
Who knew'ſt, perchance, to harmonize thy ſhades,
Still ſofter than thy ſong; yet was that ſong
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To paſtoral plaint, or tale of ſlighted love.

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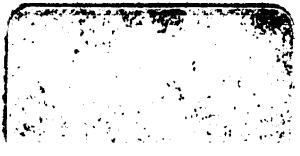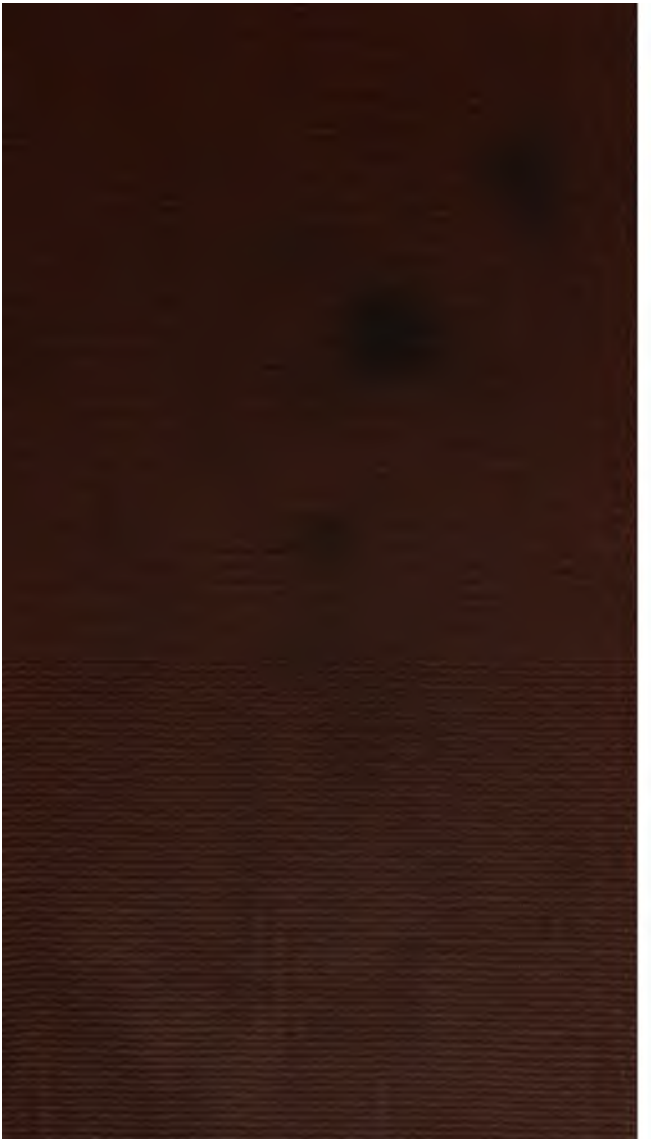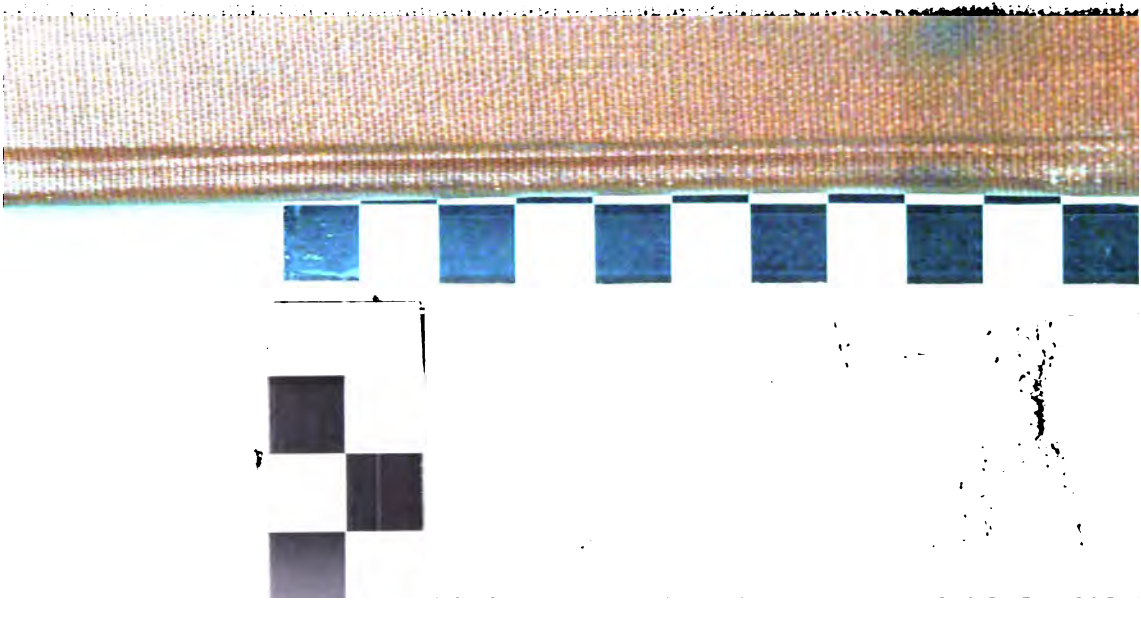
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